THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXVII—No. 1002

FEBRUARY 14, 1923

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O TUT TUT-ANKHAMEN!—Double Page by Elcock

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped

20 for 1/6

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The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe

Spinet The SUPER Mixture

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HORROCKSES FAST COLORS

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Good substance. Welted Sole.

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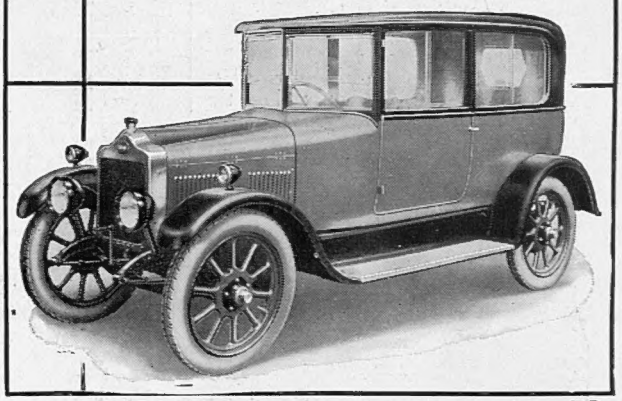

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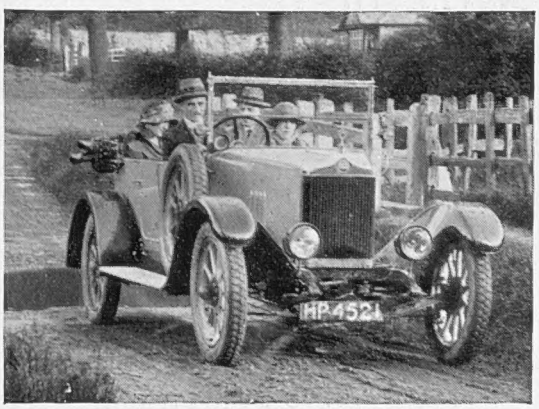

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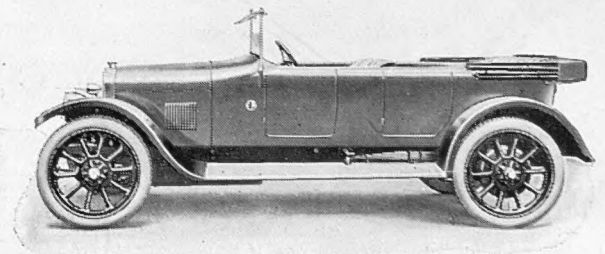

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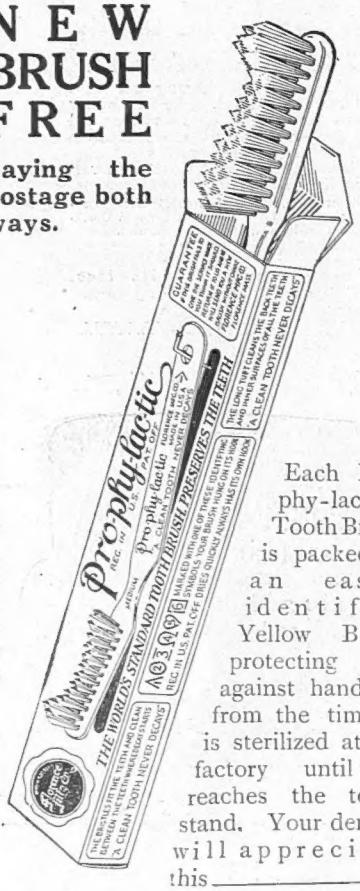

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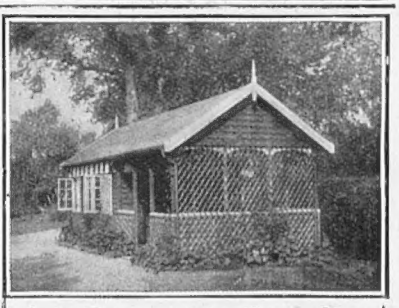

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WARNING.—Like all successful and meritorious products Veet has its imitators. Beware of these inferior imitations and harmful substitutes, which may permanently and irreparably injure the delicate skin tissues. Always insist on having Veet. It is the original and only genuine perfumed, non-irritating Cream for harmlessly removing hair.

Miss Joyce Barbour in her "L.B." Felt. *Photo by Arbuthnot.*

Model 704.

Made in various fittings, in White, Putty, String, Sepia, Champagne, Oyster, Pearl, Havana, Cornflower, etc.

Soft Felt, ordinary weight. Bound edge and silk lined throughout - - **37/6**

Zephyr weight (folding) Felt Hats - - **29/6**

Write for Illus. Catalogue.

Lincoln Bennett

Agents throughout the Kingdom. *Selection on approval from:*
LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

Clark's Thinning BATH SALTS

Your Superfluous Tissue

will literally *melt away through the pores* if you adopt this simple French Home Treatment. Merely add to your bath CLARK'S THINNING BATH SALTS. They check excessive perspiration, banish body odours, and impart freshness and vigour. Of Chemists, Stores, etc., **1/3** a **Packet**; **12 Packets, 13/6**; or post free direct from HEPPELLS.

COMPLETE TREATMENT OFFER

To be slim again with the least possible delay, adopt the **Complete French Home Treatment.** Send **20/-** only to HEPPELLS for 12 Packets of **Clark's Thinning Bath Salts** (value **13/6**), a pot of **Clark's Reducing Paste** (value **5/6**), and a **2/9** Box of **Laxative Thinning Pastilles.**

CLARK'S REDUCING PASTE

is amazingly successful in restoring thick ankles to graceful and fascinating slimness. Equally efficacious for all local reduction. **5/6** a large pot, from Chemists, Stores, etc., or post free from

The Sole British Agents
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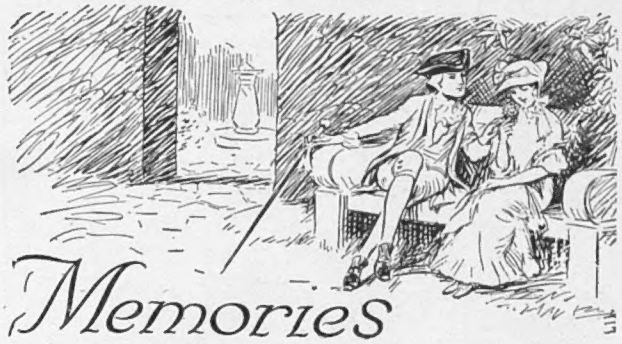

Memories

To bring back delightful moments spent in a flower-laden garden heavy with scents; to make the flowers live again, to catch their perfumed breath and all that it recalls —that is what Zenobia Perfumes do, so true are they to Nature.

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PERFUMES

Favourites among Zenobia Perfumes are Zenobia Lily of the Valley, Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom and Zenobia Night Scented Stock, 3/-, 5/-, 8/6 & 15/6 per bottle

Obtainable of all High-class Perfumers, Chemists, and Stores.

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Loughborough, Leicestershire.

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VOGUE & VALUE

The invariable Gooch charm and chic are expressed alike in the cleverly cut Walking Frock and the exquisitely tailored Suit shown below. Bothareavance Spring modes, but really moderately priced—as Gooch models always are.

PURE SILK HOSE, lisle soles and tops, in Nigger, Tan Covert, White and Black. **9/11**
Postage 3d. extra.

"STANMORE"

An attractive early Spring tailor-made Costume in the finest quality covert coating, suitable for town or country wear. Coat cut and designed by expert tailors. Lined throughout silk to tone. Sizes S.W., W. and O.S.
PRICE **7 Gns.**

NOTICE.—Tailor-made Suits to order in Navy, Black, Grey, and Putty Rep. From **10 Gns.**
Also Riding Habits at lowest competitive prices.

"NORAH"

A becoming Morning Frock of fine wool jersey, piped with contrasting colour. Specially made to suit a full figure. In Black, Brown, Rust, and Mushroom.
PRICE **84/-**

GOOCHS Ltd
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'Phone: Kensington 5100. Tube Station: Knightsbridge.

THE NEW "CORSLO"

To achieve the most fashionable figure effect of absolutely natural suppleness is the aim of the new "Corslo." Only two central and short bones are introduced into the cleverly cut Crêpe de Chine, Tricot or Satin, and it does the combined duty of bodice, corset and hip belt, moulding and at the same time supporting the bust, and giving a long graceful line to the waist and hips, and kept in position by two sets of suspenders. First and foremost the "Corslo" is for the slender woman's wear with the most fashionable day and evening gowns and dance dresses, while as absolute freedom for every movement is essential to the success and enjoyment of tennis and golf, etc., it is a necessity and boon to the sportswoman, incidentally it should be included in every Trousseau and Tropical Outfit.

THE "CORSLO" HIP BELT AND BUST BODICE COMBINED (as sketch) in Pink or White cotton Tricot, buttoned at back, two bones in front which may be removed for washing; two pairs of suspenders. Measurements required when ordering: hips, bust, and waist.

PRICE **42/-**

In Crepe de Chine ... **63/-**
In Silk Tricot **4** & **4½ Gns.**
In best quality Satin **4½ Gns.**

Debenham & Freebody
(LIMITED)
Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square) London W.

Sent on approval.

NEW SPRING OVERBLOUSES AT SPECIAL PRICES

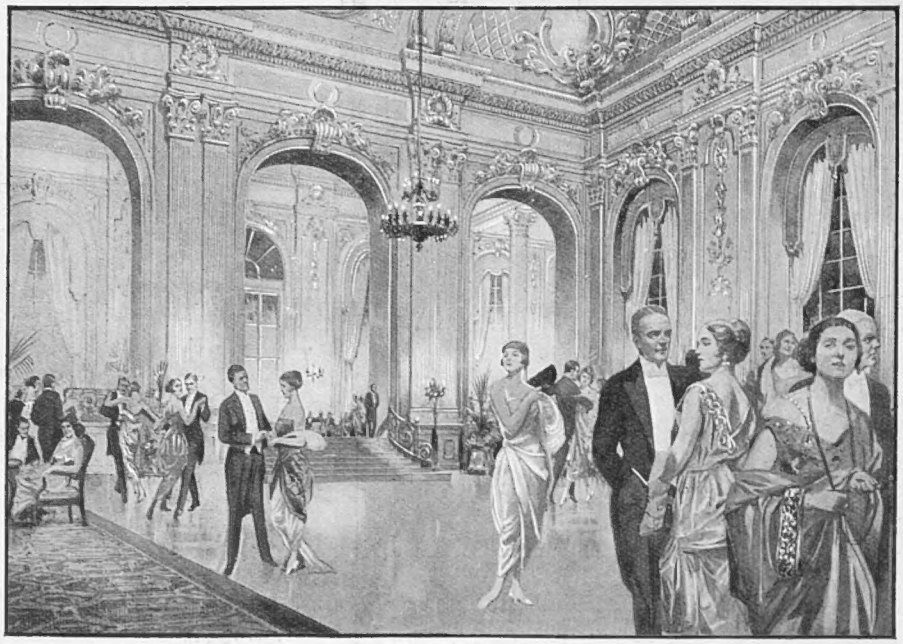
WE have designed and made in our own workrooms a number of inexpensive and attractive overblouses similar to the one illustrated, which can be sent on approval.

ATTRACTIVE LONG-WAISTED OVERBLOUSE (as sketch) made in good quality crepe de Chine, panel front let in with hand veining trimmed embroidered moncgram. Peter Pan collar with small black bow, sleeves finished with the new looped cuffs.

In Ivory, Black, Grey, Armade, Putty and Brown.

PRICE
49/6
Outsizes **5/-** extra.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1



Dancing in the Palm Court

HOTEL CECIL *London*

The CECILE Model

For a day's shopping this attractive hand-made ribbon model is just the thing, because it is so light that you may wear it all day in comfort.
It is made in black, navy, nigger, mole, grey, putty, gold, almond, green, red, saxe, copper, tan, and lemon.

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See that your frock is as fresh and dainty as you would wish. If it is soiled or spotted—remember that we can make it like new at the cost of a few shillings. Our dry-cleaning process is perfectly safe for the most delicate creations, and highly skilled operators remove all marks of wear by scientific methods.

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KNITTED SUITS for Early Spring

Knitted Woollen Suit *(as sketch), a very practical model made from best quality yarn in two-tone mixture colourings beautifully blended. The coat is bound with knitted artificial silk.*

PRICE

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FASHIONABLE RICH SILK GEORGETTE TEA FROCKS

The delightful Tea Frock illustrated is made from rich quality pure Silk Georgette and has been expressly designed for the coming season. It is cut on most graceful and becoming lines, and is typical of the many charming and inexpensive Tea Frocks we have in this Department.

GRACEFUL TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality pure Silk Georgette, cut on new lines, very finely pleated, Skirt composed of deep frills with yoke joined by veining, inset belt and loose ends of self material at one side. In Black, Ivory, Lemon, Sky, Saxe, Sage, Reseda and Jade.

PRICE

£6:19:6

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street (Cavendish Square) London W.

NEW SPRING TRIPLE NINON NIGHTGOWNS AT SPECIAL PRICES

WE have designed and made in our workrooms a number of inexpensive and attractive Triple Ninon Nightgowns, similar to the one illustrated.

NEW MODEL NIGHTGOWN as sketch) in pure silk Triple Ninon, with round neck, lace forming a most attractive sleeve finished with rouleau of Ninon, daintily trimmed at waist with small tucks and fancy hemstitching. In Ivory, Coral, Mauve, Pink, Sky.

PRICE

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In good quality Beauté Satin.

Price **49/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W1

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Nothing expresses the charm and individuality of the refined woman more than the selection of her perfume.

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(BLUE AND GOLD LABEL)

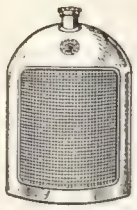
IT is the *Original* and *Guaranteed Pure—Full Strength*—with the *Lasting Fragrance.*

A few drops of "4711" in the ***toilet basin*** or ***bath*** lend a refreshing fragrance and aid in beautifying the complexion.

Of all Dealers in High-Class Perfumes from 2/6 to 56/-

4711. Eau de Cologne

Morris Cars



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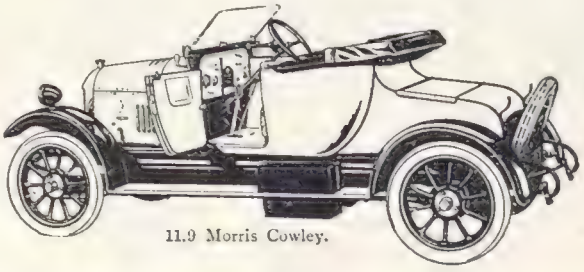
PRICES:

From £225 for the 11.9 two-seater to £450 for the 13.9 Cabriolet.

The 1923 standard models include Coupés and the famous Oxford all-weather.



11.9 Morris Cowley.

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Contains every comfort and luxury in Modern Construction.

Situated in the Rue de Rivoli, overlooking Tuileries Gardens, River Seine and Champs Elysées. With Magnificent View.

THE Prestige of the Old Hotel Meurice is to-day challenged by the pre-eminence of the *New Meurice*, which has absolutely the finest clientèle of any hotel in Europe. The Restaurant—the best in Paris—has become the Rendezvous of *fashion*

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DECORATIVE WOODWORK & FURNITURE.

Painting and Restorations.

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The Bystander, February 14, 1923. No. 1002. Vol. LXXVII.

The BYSTANDER

Drawn by Alan Stern at a special sitting for THE BYSTANDER

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

Daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough, one of the Irish representative peers and a former military secretary to the Governor-General of Canada. The Duchess was formerly Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, and is well known as a brilliant hostess and an ardent worker in matters of social welfare in which she and her husband are deeply interested

The "Last Post" on the Rhine—Before the American Departure

Photograph *Sport and General*

"Blacker the night grows ere the dawn be risen,
Keener the cost, and fiercer yet the fight.
But hark! above the thunder and the terror,
A trumpet blowing splendid through the night."

—Laurence Binyon

"All the World's a Stage"

I Get a Shock

MOST of us get sudden shocks every now and again from causes social, financial, or matrimonial. I have just had my shock. I have been accused of being parochial! Parochial! And all because I hinted that certain English pleasure resorts had something to be said for them, if only someone would get on his hind legs and say it.

I May Be Dull

IT is a reader who accuses me of parochialism. I don't think he has read the BYSTANDER more than once in his life or he wouldn't bring *that* charge against me. Dull—yes! Stupid—I may be. Ignorant—possibly. But, Parochial—heaven forbid.

May I Be Jiggered

YOU will observe that I am deeply stirred—flicked on the raw—cut to the quick—stung! But I will not take it lying down. The rude fellow shall have a Roland for his Oliver. If I speak one word of England in the next four paragraphs may I be—jiggered. If I knew the Russian for "jiggered" he should have that, too.

Austria

PAROCHIAL! Only a week ago I went all the way to Vienna to dine at the Bristol and pay half a million kroner for a walking stick. I was asked seventy shillings for a hat that is sold in the Strand for a little over a pound, and if I hadn't caught the last Orient express that the Germans permitted to run, I might have been there yet!

America

"PAROCHIAL!" squeaks this miserable counter-jumper from Brixton—the sort of man who thinks that Jake Daubert and Eddie Doush play baseball with a tennis racquet. Does he know that the major leagues are going to have a bumper crop of hold-outs this year? Does he realise that these same hold-outs sent Charley Ebbets rushing off to Europe, and that some of the Dodgers remain on the block with no bidders? Not he!

Italy

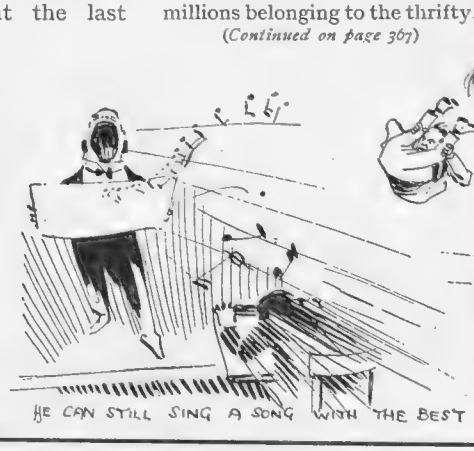
I LIKE the logic of those Fascist women who, having been sacked to make room for men, said they would go if the men would marry them. If the men have a right to work, the women have a right to be worked for. What's sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. Parochial, indeed!

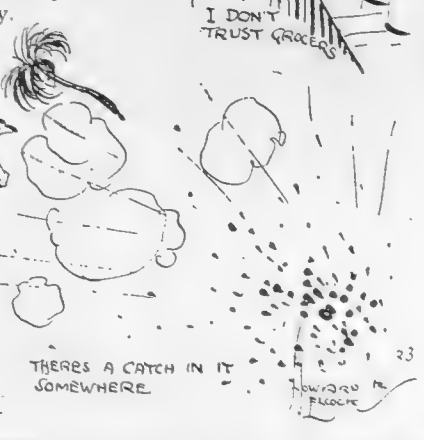
Australia

JUST received a most interesting letter from an old friend in Melbourne, from which I quote:

> Three persons in every five of the entire population (of Australia) are capitalists—by the "entire population" I include men, women and kids of all ages. This is proved by the fact that three and a half million people have Savings Bank accounts, and their total credits exceed one hundred and sixty-six millions. . . . Yet we still have a small noisy minority preaching Bolshevism—principally made up of thriftless idlers whose clutching hands are reaching out to grab the one hundred and sixty-six millions belonging to the thrifty.

(*Continued on page 367*)





ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 7.45.
LOIE FULLER'S BALLET FANTASTIQUES, HARRY TATE & CO. in "Broadcasting." MURIEL GEORGE & ERNEST BUTCHER, THE GROTESQUE JOVERS, Etc.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 2645 & 8886). THE ISLAND KING.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATS., WEDS. & SATS. at 2.15.
W. H. BERRY, Nancie Lovat, Dorothy Shale, Louie Pounds, Peter Gawthorne, C. M. Lowne, George Bishop, Alfred Clark.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
Evenings at 8.15. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Ivy Tresmand Phyllis Dare.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780), JOSÉ COLLINS
in "THE LAST WALTZ" by Oscar Straus.
The ROBERT EVETT Production.
NIGHTLY at 8.15. MATINÉES THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LÖHR.
Evenings at 8.30. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
THE LAUGHING LADY.
Leslie Faber, Violet Vanbrugh, and Marie Löhr.

PRINCE OF WALES. (Ger. 7482).
Evenings at 8.30. Mats., Wed., Fri. & Sat. at 2.30.
THE CO-OPTIMISTS.
(6th New Programme).

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy, Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

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Price 3/3 per box.

Of all Chemists, Perfumers and Stores, and from
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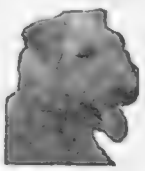

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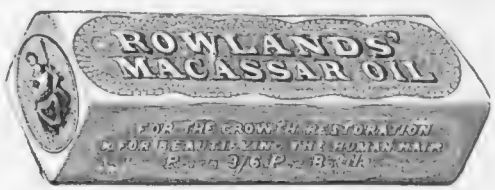
SPECIALLY TRAINED AGAINST **BURGLARS** for **LADIES' GUARDS**
From **10 Gns.** PUPS **5 Gns.**
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts.
30 mins. from Liverpool Street.



Your Hair will look Better, will be more beautiful, longer and finer by using

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

It will keep your Children's Hair always in good condition; Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sizes: **3/6, 7/-, 10/6**

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

Soothes, Preserves and Beautifies the Skin, prevents Irritation and Cutaneous Defects, and is warranted harmless, in **2/6** and **5/-** bottles. Sold by Stores, Chemists and **ROWLANDS'**, 112, Guilford Street, London, W.C.1

WHY LOSE YOUR HAIR?

It is so easy to delay when hair is falling out, until the mischief is so far gone that months of arduous treatment are required to put it right.

Take it in time, use

ATTILA

The Skin Purifier

Consultation can be arranged by appointment with

JANOS VEBER, *Hair Specialist,*
201, Victoria Street, S.W.1

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Theatres in Lent

HAVING knocked my opponent over the head with three separate continents, I will resume the even tenor of my way. The new carriages on the Underground are, I notice, to be fool-proof. What a pity other things aren't fool-proof besides. Newspapers, for instance. A fool has proved his folly by writing to my morning paper to say that people should not go to theatres in Lent. Can you conceive folly of such abysmal depths? Why is it wicked to go to the theatre in Lent? I suspect that the people who hold this strange doctrine never go to the theatre at any time—unless they get free seats from the second cousin of a scene-shifter at a theatre where an ambitious amateur has staged his own play with his own money. Naturally, such an experience would embitter anyone. Let them realise that the rule of life is, as it has always been, "Nothing for nothing, and very little for sixpence." In trying to ruin the entire industry, they are exacting more than their pound of flesh.

Blame the Grocers

AND if my first theory is not the correct one, then it is all the fault of the grocers. I don't trust grocers. I hate them as much as they hate me. We glare at each other across a great gulf of watered whisky and sugared sand, and have no sort of use for one another. I see them preaching hypocrisy in their little tin bethels, and they see me spending recklessly the money of which they had hoped to rob me during the week. Not a doubt, it is the grocers who want to close the theatres during Lent so that we may sit at home and drink cocoa.

A Paraphrase

TO paraphrase Gilbert Chesterton ever so slightly:

The hell-instructed grocer
Has a temple made of tin,
And the ruin of all theatres
Is loudly urged therein;
But now the sands are running out
From sugar of a sort,
The grocer trembles; for his time,
Just like his weight, is short.

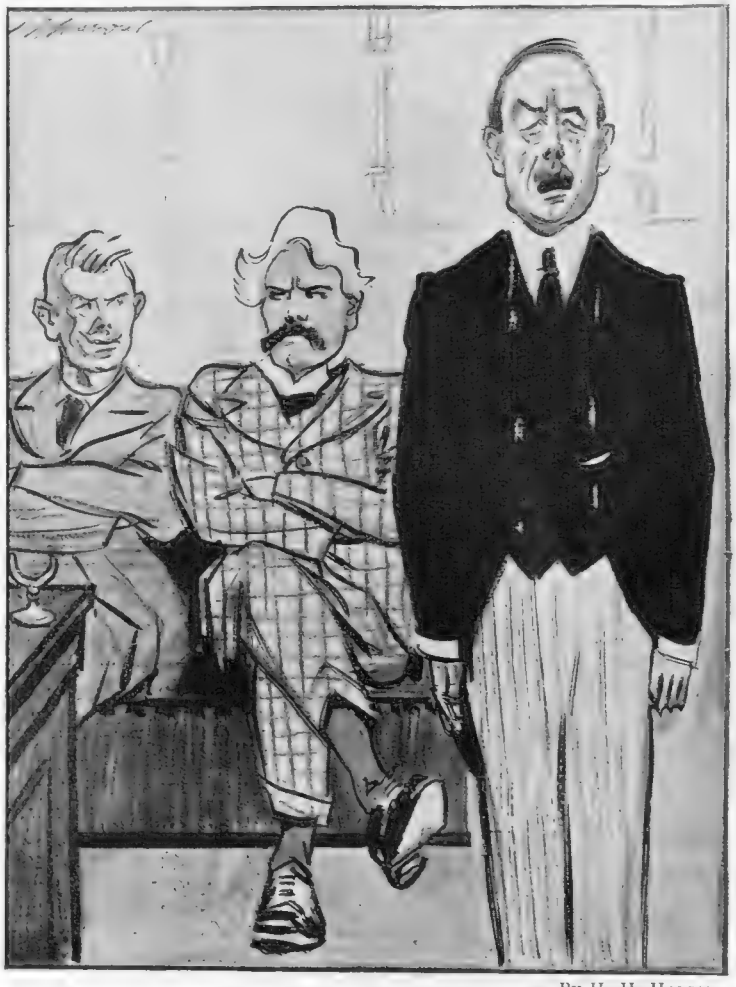
There's A Catch in It

I HAVE always had the ambition to pack my possessions in my old kit-bag, and stroll off to one of those islands in the Pacific, or some other luke-warm ocean, after the fashion of Joseph Conrad, Somerset Maugham, or Robert Louis Stevenson. How splendid to sit about all day in the warm sun, with plenty to eat and no work to do. Then I have said to myself, "There's a catch in this somewhere, or everyone would be doing it." The "catch" in question seems to be a periodic earthquake, for I learn that the Hawaiian Islands have been knocked about to the tune of a million dollars, while the island of Guam had "failed to report" at the time of writing.

Old Odell

And Devonshire House had not been sold,
But Old Odell was just as old
A thousand weeks ago.

So sang the bard in the 1,000th Number of THE BYSTANDER, and readers have been asking, "Who is this Old Odell we hear so much about?" If Odell sees this, he will be horrified to think that there is anyone living in these islands who doesn't know the Last of the Bohemians. I had nearly said that he *was* an actor, but that would have been a mistake. E. J. Odell *is* an actor, and although he doesn't practise, as the doctors say, he can still sing a song with the best. There is talk of a benefit performance, at which he would certainly be the star performer.



IN "ARTHUR'S SEAT!" By H. H. HARRIS

A re-opening gambit of the Parliamentary game

Gentlemen of the Road

CURIOUSLY enough, since the above lines were written, Devonshire House has again come into the public eye. It is said that the site will be used for a building scheme comprising shops, flats, and a new road from Stratton Street to Berkeley Street where the funny little passage now runs. Did you know that the posts placed in this passage were put there to stop highwaymen riding through? The modern post helps modern highwaymen, such as income tax collectors, to get our money. There's the difference.

Photograph *Lafayette*

MR. AND MRS. VICTOR GILPIN

The Hon. Hope Prothero, the only surviving child of Lord Ernle, was married last week to Mr. Victor Purcell Gilpin, the well-known Newmarket trainer

Photograph *Central News*

MR. AND MRS. JOHN PATON

Mrs. Paton was before her marriage Miss Fenella Crombie, daughter of the late Mr. J. W. Crombie, M.P.

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Prince in the Shires

THE Prince of Wales's hunting visit to Melton Mowbray has thrown the little town into a state of great excitement, especially as H.R.H. is making his headquarters at Craven Lodge, a residential club so exclusive that it is said to have only twenty members. The Prince will occupy a suite of rooms there.

Hunting folk in the Shires appreciate deeply the compliment paid to the Leicestershire packs by the Prince taking this little change from the Badminton country. How long he will stay seems uncertain, but seventeen hunters have gone to Melton for his use, so it looks as if the Prince intended to put in a good deal of hunting. Well, the longer he stays the more delighted the Shires will be.

Photograph *Tom Aitken*

LORD AND LADY STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL

Who were married at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, last week. The new Lady Stratheden is a daughter of Colonel Anstruther-Gray (late Major Royal Horse Guards). The bridegroom is in the Coldstream Guards, from which regiment the Guard of Honour was drawn

Wedding Time in Town and Country

Princess Yolanda of Italy

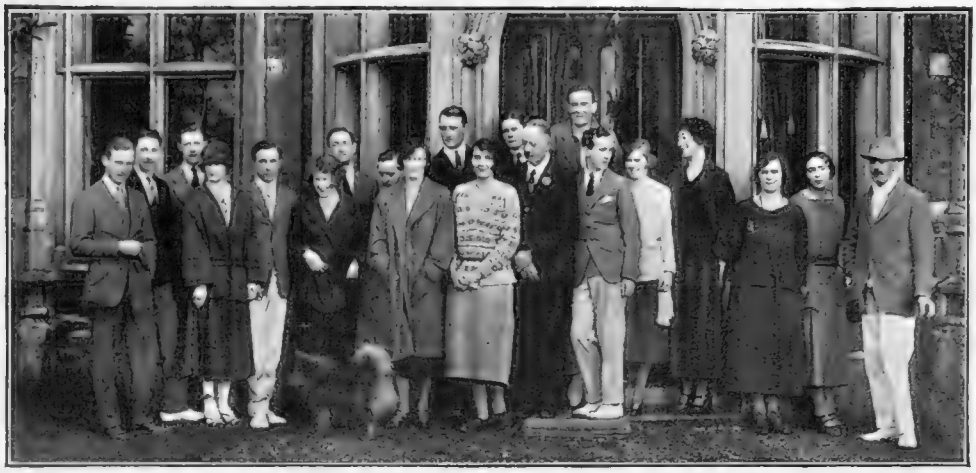
THE announcement of the engagement of Princess Yolanda, the eldest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, to an Italian nobleman, disposes, once and for all, of a lot of silly and unfounded rumours about her possible alliance with a member of our own Royal House. These rumours, and the persistence with which they have been repeated in certain quarters have, I know, caused something more than mere annoyance to the people chiefly interested. Only a few days ago, in spite of the former definite official denials, it was said that the contemplated visit of the King and Queen to Rome in the Spring was chiefly for the purpose of discussing a possible and probable marriage!

The Italian Royal Family were in advance of our own in permitting equal marriages between its members and subjects. The late King Humbert's brother, the Duke d'Aosta, married a Princess della Cisterna

Photograph *Bassano*

MAJOR AND MRS. LANCELOT WORTHINGTON

Who were married at St. Oswald's Church, Ashbourne, last week. Major Worthington, who served with the 46th Divisional Signals, is the son of the late Major P. J. Worthington and Lady Gaunt, of Gaunt's Wood, Leek. His bride is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. Sadler, of Ashbourne



Photograph *Photopress*

A POPULAR DÉBUTANTE'S HOUSE-PARTY

At Taplow Court, the Buckinghamshire residence of Lord and Lady Desborough, who recently gave a ball for their daughter, the Hon. Imogen Grenfell. Our picture shows the Hon. Peregrine Cust (left), Captain Jenkinson, the Hon. Michael Scott, the Hon. Monica Grenfell, Lord Gage, the Hon. Imogen Grenfell, the Hon. Ivor Grenfell, Captain Arthur Penn, the Hon. Alex. Cavendish, the Hon. Gerald Browne, Lady Mary Fox-Strangeways, the Hon. Henry Bathurst, Lord Desborough, Lord David Cecil, (top) Major Dennis Browne, Miss Mary Cavendish, Lady Desborough, the Hon. Ursula Bathurst, Lady Patricia Herbert, and the Hon. Evan Charteris

Photograph *Central News*

"EUROPE'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BRUNETTE"

Princess Yolanda, the King of Italy's eldest daughter, who is engaged to Count Calvi di Bergolo, a cavalry captain in the Italian Army, and a member of the ancient Piedmontese family. The Princess met her fiancé in London last summer at Olympia, where he rode in the Italian contingent at the military tournament

so long ago as 1867. She was the mother of the present Duke d'Aosta, who for some years was heir-presumptive to the Italian throne. The lady, though of non-Royal birth, enjoyed all the privileges of a Royal duchess.

Princess Yolanda's *futur* is the Count Calvi di Bergolo, one of the most famous horsemen in Italy, and the head of an old Piedmontese family. His father for many years was Italian Minister at Copenhagen. His sister is married to Prince Aage of Denmark, a nephew of Queen Alexandra, so the Calvi di Bergolo family will have a distinction without its parallel in Europe — two of its members will be allied with Royal families.

The Rejoicings at Chesterfield House

THE birth of a son to Princess Mary — their Majesties' first grandchild — marks a singular circumstance in the history of the country. For the first time the son of a commoner stands in direct succession to the Throne, for although Viscount Lascelles bears a courtesy title, in law he is a commoner.

Princess Mary stands in

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

CONGRATULATIONS

The latest photograph of the Empire's proudest parents, taken a few days before the arrival of the little stranger in our midst—Their Majesties' first grandchild

LORD LEVERHULME'S PARTY AT THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL

Mrs. Prizer, Lord Leverhulme, Mrs. F. W. Pomeroy, and Mr. Thorold. Lord Leverhulme's costume of buckram trimmed with nails is one that only a rich man could afford to wear!

succession to the Throne after her four brothers, so the little boy whose arrival at Chesterfield House has caused such delight and rejoicing stands sixth.

The Duchess of Sutherland

THE Duchess of Sutherland, whose charming portrait is our frontispiece this week, is the elder daughter of the Earl of Lanesborough. She married the Duke, then the Marquis of Stafford, in 1912; they succeeded to the Dukedom a year later. There has always been a high realisation of public and social duty in the Sutherland family, a tradition which the Duchess has fulfilled most faithfully. In former days Stafford House—on entering which Queen Victoria said on one occasion, "I come from my house to your palace"—was the centre of all that was best and most brilliant in London society. The late Duke sold the house to Lord Leverhulme, who gave it to the nation, and it is now the London Museum. But at Hampden House the Duchess maintains the old tradition. Both she and the Duke are deeply interested in matters of social welfare, and the Duke is in the present Government as Under-Secretary of State for Air. The Duchess was Mistress of the Robes to the Queen during the Duchess of Devonshire's absence in Canada. This was a repetition of family history. The Duke's great-grandmother, Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, was Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria.

Photographs *G.P.U.*

THE ALBERT HALL EN FÊTE

A general view of the Chelsea Arts Ball last week, showing just a *few* of the merry revellers who kept the big noises of the orchestra busy until 5 a.m. Tutankhamen was there; so was Commander Wild and Scout Marr, with strange fauna from the Antarctic, and many "birds" obviously from the Fair-o period

(Inset) A "BYSTANDER" GROUP

"Bystander" contributors were of course there in force. Among this group may be seen: Mr. and Mrs. Howard K. Elcock, "Roland", Miss Helen McKie, and Oswald Cuningham

Aristocrats of The Dog World

(The Alsatian wolf-dog is established as the dog of the day—and enjoyed a record entry at Islington

BY L. R. BRIGHTWELL

AT CRUFT'S

The event of the doggy world at Islington last week brought nearly six thousand entries of pedigree people who figure in the doggy "Debrett." Dignified English mastiffs were there, with pugs, setters, sealyhams and terriers of all sorts; cocker spaniels, so rapidly coming into favour, were represented by 292 intelligent little ladies and gentlemen, with the popular Alsatians in a massed battalion of 503; while 187 aloof dragon-dogs of China stared disdainfully at our artist when he "went to the dogs." What a pity they couldn't *all* get prizes!

The Riviera Week by Week

Photograph *Earnest*

ON THE NEW COURTS OF THE HOTEL METROPOLE, CANNES

All the lawn-tennis enthusiasts—which means pretty well everyone at Cannes—have tested the new Metropole Hotel Courts in the last few weeks, and pronounced them "good"—or "bon." Our picture shows a few of the many players who have tried them out. At the back (from the left) will be seen Sir Arthur Crosfield, Mr. R. Dunkerley, Mr. F. R. Scovel, and a few grey locks belonging to Mr. Wallis Myers. In front of the net are Mrs. Winston Churchill, Mrs. Satterthwaite, Mr. J. M. Hilliard, Lady Crosfield, Lord Charles Hope, Sir Norcott Warren, Mrs. Musker and Mr. J. H van Alen

Photograph *Central News*

LADY DE BATHE

In the beautiful grounds of her Monte Carlo villa. As Lillie Langtry, Lady de Bathe has a warm place in our hearts, and as firm a seat among the mighty in our memory, as she has on one of her own lovely "gees"

GOLF and dancing are more than ever the great attractions on the Riviera. Huge numbers enter for the golf competitions at Hyères and Monte Carlo, and the Cannes and Nice courses are overcrowded again. The golf motor service ought to be doubled and will be next year.

THESE glorious months have been much enjoyed by the devotees of croquet on the newly arranged and very excellent club grounds at Menton. Mr. J. B. Moffat has recently won the American handicap, and also the Mixed Croquet Handicap with Mrs. Coats. The new Girl Guides are very popular, vying with the Scottish pastor who shepherds his sheep as far as the golf on Mont Agel sometimes. The excursions on foot or donkey are numerous, and the first primroses have been picked at Sospel Golf and crocuses on the Mont Agel links. The young Princess Charlotte of Monaco and her husband—Prince Pierre—take great interest in the golf club, and are giving four prizes for a mixed foursome handicap on Thursday, March 8, open to all the golf clubs on the Riviera to be played for at Mont Agel.

THERE are many more private dances in and near Monte than last year, and Prince George and his evergreen grand-uncle have been dancing before and after dinner most days at the Metropole's charming Salle des Ambassadeurs, at the Café de Paris, or at private balls. After his operation and the yellow fogs of England, the red Esterels, the *grande bleu* of sea and sky, and the warmth of the perpetual spring here, with its carpet of flowers and chorus of nightingales and frogs must seem like the Elysian fields. A happier looking and more popular boy surely never enjoyed a first visit here more than he does. The Duke of Connaught is to lay the foundation stone of the new English Church here about the end of February. The Countess of Lanesborough gave a ball at the Eden Hotel, Cap d'Ail, at which the Duke's party were present, including the Princess Louise Duchesse of Argyle, and among others Lady Brassey, Miss Sandford, Mrs. Arthur Wilson, Lady Ward, Lord and Lady Sandwich, Sir Laurence and Lady Philipps, Sir Sydney Greville, Lord Ormathwaite, and Lady Cynthia Moseley.

Photograph *Earnest*

WATCHING THE POLO AT CANNES

The Baron J. de Meyronnet (left), the "big noise" in polo down here, Monsieur André Capron, the Mayor of Cannes, and the Ranee of Pudukota

THE first fancy dress ball at the Monte Carlo Casino was a very pretty affair, though the big concert room would have held more dancers, but a very fine performance of *Madame Butterfly* was going on at the Opera at the same time, which kept many people away. Mlle. Dalla Rizza, as well as being a wonderful singer, makes

Photograph *Earnest*

WAITING FOR A COURT

Lady Eleanor Atkinson and her husband, Mr. Henry Atkinson, chatting with friends in the grounds of the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club

a most attractive "Butterfly," while MacCormack was a huge draw as the lover, though he did not seem very fit, and the orchestra was too loud. General Brewin, Major Pollitt and Captain Chadwick were the committee who had to judge the merits of the best fancy dresses at the dance—no easy task. Mlle. Martini carried off the first prize as an Egyptian dancing girl in gold, with a most becoming feather head-dress. Mlle. Persan also had a beautiful Indian Princess dress all in white and pearls. Mrs. Agar made a charming "Charlotte Corday," and Miss Henniker Heaton looked handsome in a Turkish costume. Mrs. Ralli, in powder and eighteenth century Court dress, well deserved her prize. Mrs. Verney, Mrs. Pollitt as a wild rose, and many others were decorated. Miss Ricketson looked very pretty as a Pierrot in black and pink. The men mostly did not rise above a Domino, but there was a fine Indian Maharajah, and a Louis XIV Court dress, both very effective.

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT CAP FERRAT

Lady Cavan, Lady Ward, and Lord Cavan taking an early morning stroll. Despite the proverbial sunshine, Lady Cavan's attitude suggests that the day has started in a somewhat chillsome way

Photograph *Central News*

SOCIETY "SNAPPED" ON THE RIVIERA

A group of well-known Society people taking the air on the fashionable "front" at Nice. A pleasing feature of this year's huge influx of visitors (bigger than ever—as usual) is the large number of Society hostesses who have taken their babies with them. The bracing "mistral" of the Mediterranean should be just the thing for the little brats, and —— [The man's mad—It's the Nice Carnival!—Ed.]

On February 17 *André Chenier*, an opera by Giordano, will be played for the first time with a strong cast.

I have rarely seen the rooms and the Sporting Club so full as they are now, both before and after dinner. On the night of February 8, judging from the hooting of the sirens, some of the visitors from the *Adriatic* could not tear themselves away to rejoin their boat. They spent a frantic day of rapture trying to break the bank of Monte's joys in twenty-four hours, and they sampled various famous bars on landing. Good Americans always make a point of lunching at the Golf, and inspecting the famous course above the clouds, with its superb view of Corsica, and its herd of Corsican *mouflons*. Then gambling and dance-teas, and *soigné* dinners and suppers, and baccarat, and more dancing and flirting. The Sporting Club has been crowded with celebrities recently, some of them like the Rummel family and Sacha Guitry, unmistakable personalities. The Marquis of Huntly also, who is seventy-six, is as straight as a dart, and is a very handsome "Gay Gordon" of the old school, with the old-fashioned touch of whisker which the late Lord Walsingham also wore so becomingly.

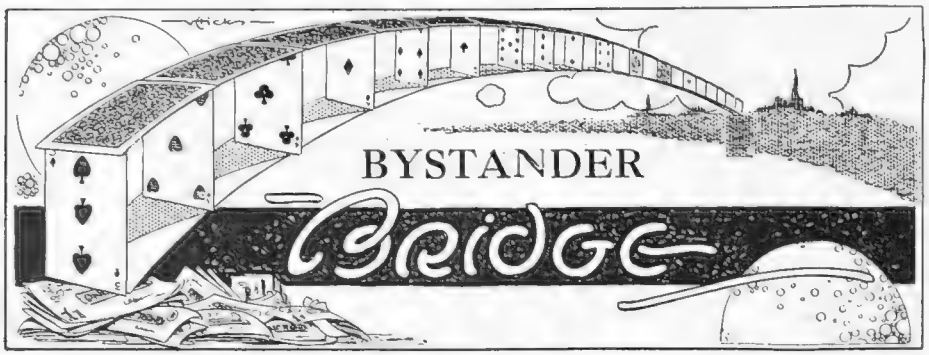
Celebrities of the Courts

MRS. MALLORY

MANOEL ALONZO

MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS

Sketches by S. Wilmotte



BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Scene at a Cock and Hen Bridge Club

He had revoked three times in one evening. With dejected mien he strode towards the door. "George," cried his heroic wife, rising from the table. "I took you for better or for worse. I will come too."

. . . . .

Hints on Card Room Deportment.

Your partner has made a foolish call and let you down badly. Smile pleasantly, and say—"You had no luck, partner."

You have won a rubber entirely through your brilliant play. In sympathetic tones say to your adversaries, "We had all the cards that time."

. . . . .

Pre-emptive bid maniacs are on the increase.

I know a Club where it is the rule rather than the exception for the initial caller to start with a bid of three or more.

It is a vicious habit. It destroys good feeling, partnership, and team work.

It spoils the game.

. . . . .

Pre-emptive bids are only justifiable on certain types of freak hands.

Holding Spades—A, 10, 9, 7, 5, 4, 3, 2. Hearts—None. Diamonds—K, Q, J. Clubs—5, 2, a three Spade bid is advisable. A hand with seven of a major suit, and shortness or bareness in the other major justifies a pre-emptive bid.

With Spades—Q, J, 10, 9, 7, 6, 5, 3, no Hearts, and Ace, King of Clubs, an original bid of four straight away is a good call.

But a pre-emptive bid of less than five in a minor suit is seldom effective. It may not shut out opponents, and generally befogs your partner.

. . . .

The initial bid I am most up against is the call of "two" of a suit. No one knows what it means. Some hang on to the old theory, now thoroughly discredited, that it signifies a long suit without top honours. Others bid it on a suit of six headed by Ace, King, or King, Queen. I don't believe in a first call of two of a suit, at any rate until it has a recognised significance. "One," I understand, and "three" or more. But the bid of two is most misleading.

. . . . .

Solution to Actual Play Problem No. IV.

(*a*) Four Diamonds. (*b*) No. (*c*) Four Hearts. (*d*) Three Clubs.

(*a*) The best call is four Diamonds—not two or three.

(*b*) Z must pass and not bid his clubs, as he has not two "quick" tricks in his hand in defence.

(*c*) Although Y has what looks like a tempting double of Spades, his proper call is to support the Heart. The double is by no means a certainty, as Z is probably void of Spades, and it should be a game hand in Hearts.

(*d*) Y should certainly call "three Clubs," and not risk "two no trumps." The probability is that Z has a guard in Spades, in which case he will bid two no trumps himself. It would be a mistake for Y to pass the "two Spade" call with a hand that contains such valuable assistance in no-trumps.

Correct solutions have been received from: Miss N. M. Warde, Charles A. Baker, Mrs. Ponsford, W. L. B. Wellacott and E. A. Gregory.

. . . . .

In solving the last of the series of six problems in The Bystander Competition—several hands on which you are to decide the proper bid—you must leave out the human element. All you are asked to decide is the best call on the cards given.

Z is the first declarer, A is the opponent on his left, Y is Z's partner, and B is the partner of A.

ACTUAL PLAY PROBLEMS. No. VI. (*Last of the Series.*)

Score Love. Z deals and holds:

♠ A, J, 10, 5, 3.	♡ 9.
♢ 5, 2.	♣ A, K, Q, 4, 3.

(*a*) What should Z say?

Score Love. Z deals and bids "One Spade." A passes. Y holds:

♠ A, 6, 5, 3, 2	♡ A, 8, 7, 6, 3.
♢ A.	♣ A, 3.

(*b*) What should Y say?

Score Love. Z has bid "One Spade." All have passed. A holds:

♠ K, J, 5.	♡ A, J, 9, 3.
♢ K. J, 5, 2.	♣ J, 10.

(*c*) What should A lead?

Prizes for the Series of Six Problems are offered as follows:—

First Prize ..	£5
Second Prize..	£3
Third Prize ..	£1

Solutions, marked "Bridge Competition Problem VI," must reach The Bystander Office on or before February 21st.

No correspondence can be entered into over the Competition, and my decision must be regarded as final.

A Busman's Holiday

BY E. T. REED

THE OLD CHARIOTEER: "Come, Bonar my lad, what's the matter? The old 'bus seems to be in a bit of a tangle, eh? — Sand in the bearings, what? Can't be the fault of the *driving*, you know, *this* time!—we've just got such a nice, new, quiet, steady, respectable charioteer!"

O TUT TUT—

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

ANKHAMEN!

THE ISLAND KING

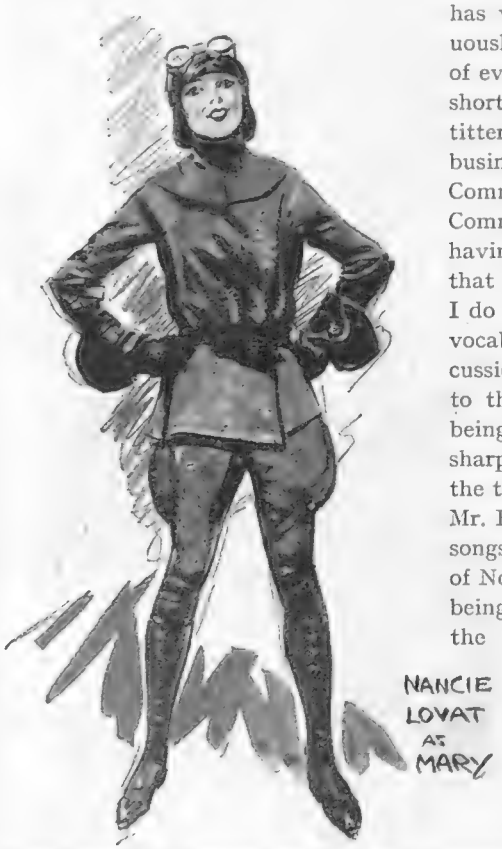
AT THE ADELPHI

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced on October 10, 1922

THIS is a very jolly entertainment, with Mr. W. H. Berry at his best. After all, if you have a fabled island you can people it according to your fancy, without any regard at all to tiresome probabilities. Thus on this island Beer, Ballet-girls, and light music take the traditional place of Wine, Women, and Song, which combination, I understand, is to some people the true conception of an Earthly Paradise. The first act takes place at a Riverside Clubhouse and Mr. Alfred C. Clark, as General Sir George Baynham, opens the musical part of the programme with an emphatic ditty entitled, "Damme, it's in the Blood." The cause of this outbreak is the fact that Miss Mary Baynham, his daughter, has won a sculling match against no less a person than the Princess Poppaia of Etaria. Pleased to meet you, Princess! Just about this stage the usual love complication sets in. Mary appears to be destined to love, honour, and obey (they haven't struck the word out yet) Commander John Fairchilde, R.N., but, of course, you can't arrange a match of that kind definitely, with another two acts to run. So Commander John says, casually, that he thinks the Princess is splendid, or something of that sort, and this little indiscretion suffices to give Mary the impression that she is no longer the girl of his heart. As the Princess, however, with all her Western refinement has obviously a "touch of the tar-brush" in her system, we do not take Commander John's admiration too seriously.



NANCIE LOVAT AS MARY

THEN we have Chief Petty Officer Hopkins (known as 'Oppy), who is none other than the hero of the evening, Mr. W. H. Berry. Mr. Berry has worked his part up most assiduously, so that he gets a laugh out of every line; and when the lines fall short, he keeps the house on the titter by his facial antics. His first business is to apologise to his chief, Commander John, for being late. Commander John accuses him of having been "oozled," but he protests that he was not more than "mopsy." I do not pretend to be an expert in a vocabulary of this sort, but the discussion proved to be highly diverting to the house, many of the audience being apparently quite aware of the sharp distinction to be drawn between the two conditions. Shortly after that Mr. Berry obliges with one of the best songs of the evening, entitled "William of Normandee," the claim of Hopkins being that his family came over with the Conqueror, and are ready to celebrate that distinction whenever there is a pint of anything handy. The dance with which the song concludes is very amusing, and is quite one of the features of the act.

THEN we have Prince Karan Gypopolus of Etaria. How do, Prince! The Prince is familiarly known as Gyp, and he has forsaken his island for the noisier delights of Paris. People wonder where he gets the money that enables him to lead a gay life in the Gay City; but presently a clue asserts itself mildly during the proceedings. By way of a compliment to Mary Baynham for having won the sculling match, Gyp presents her with a nice rope of pearls which are subsequently identified as having been improperly acquired from his native land. The Princess first makes the discovery, and deduces from it the hypothesis that Gyp is in love with Mary. But as Gyp also has the tar-brush touch, we can see at once that he is out of the running. The complication, however, is allowed to afford material for a quarrel between Gyp and Commander John, who are supposed to be rivals for Mary's hand. As the quarrel becomes more and more heated, Gyp develops a really nasty temper, and picks up a table knife, and tries to stab Commander John.

ALFRED CLARK

TROUBLE in this direction being averted, the two discuss how they shall decide according to the code of honour which of them is to make up to the girl. I thought myself it would be a case, at least, of coffee for one and pistols for two. Instead they decide a little tamely to settle the difference by a sculling match, the winner of which, as far as I could

make it out, was to have the girl and the Island of Etaria and a hundred pounds in cash. I do not claim to have set the conditions down with absolute accuracy; but they were something like that. And Commander John wins the match and scoops the pool. It then transpires that the Princess and 'Oppy are old friends, and they decide to fly away to the Island of Etaria, and keep the throne warm, as it were, for Commander John.

IN the second act we have the island, which appears to be peopled largely by fascinating little girls in short frocks and bodices. The latter fit tightly round them; and one of the chief industries of the ladies appears to be to satisfy themselves that their bodices have not slipped down, so that too much of what is euphemistically called neck is displayed. Once or twice I felt quite sorry I was not in a position to offer the loan of a safety pin so that they might have no further apprehensions of the kind that appear to be quite unnecessarily troubling them. About this time the Prince is revealed in his true character. It appears that he gets his revenues by poaching pearls from the island, and he has a special interview with 'Oppy on the subject, which is uproariously funny. Mr. Berry is at his best in this scene, and his repartee is of the liveliest kind. I am one of those superior people who do not laugh very much at the theatre; but I confess that Mr. Berry caught me off my guard several times. Just as I was flattering myself that I knew which way the joke was going to turn it broke out in a fresh place, and I fell, as it were, with my face to the foe.

"OOPS WE GO AGAIN"
W.H. BERRY AND CHORUS

MISS DOROTHY SHALE is the Princess, to which part she gives much distinction. Her song, "In a Very Tiny Island," is a particularly charming effort, and should be a favourite this season in choirs and places where they sing. Commander John has a fine breezy, sailor's song about "The Girl in the Old Home Port," but, then, you know what sailors are! Miss Nancie Lovat is very charming as Mary Baynham, the winner of the sculling race; and later on she is quite sweet in the bifurcated leather uniform of an airman.

As Commander John is going to Etaria by air, Mary decides to accompany him disguised as a cabin-boy, or something of that sort; and, of course, as usual, her sex is not suspected, and the stock complications concerning bed and board arise automatically. Fortunately 'Oppy is able to come forward at a critical moment and put Mary in charge of a couple of lady's maids of the island, and honour is satisfied. Mr. Peter Gawthorne plays the Prince with admirable vigour, and he has a very attractive voice. In addition, Mr. Gawthorne is the author of the book and lyrics, and is concerned in other ways with the success of the production. But the star is, of course, Mr. W. H. Berry, who, unlike many comedians of his kind, not only has a clear sense of humour, but is able to put it over the footlights with the most complete success. JINGLE

NANCIE LOVAT AND GEORGE BISHOP

PETER GAWTHORNE AS JACKSON

DOROTHY SHALE AND W.H BERRY

The Skin Game

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

MALE: "I can't understand why you women always choose such a prominent box"
FEMALE: "Why, we like people to see our new clothes, of course!"

OTHER MEN'S WOMEN

VI.—THE WOMAN WHO FADES

BY DELL LEIGH

THE petals of the rose are beginning to curl up dryly, ever so little, at their resplendent edges, and the slender stalk quivers in trepidation.

All her life she has been eulogised for her loveliness. As a tiny tot in her pram in the park, competitive nursemaids, sauntering nonchalantly at the helms of others, have relaxed the nose-in-air discipline of their caste, despite themselves, and have swung the bows of their craft athwart the stream of pram traffic the better to examine her expertly.

"There now, well I never; only three, you say; isn't she a beauty—'ere, Clara, come and look at this one, then, my *word!*"

And she had looked out poutingly with large, grave eyes from the hood of her palanquin, accepting due homage from white-robed baby worshippers.

Beauty. The word had become, as it were, stamped all over and about her, from her earliest years onwards.

In the long school crocodile which poured its straw-hatted coil along the Eastbourne Front, it had been she who had caused old gentlemen in bath-chairs to prod at one another's rugs with sticks, and say throatily:

"By gad, sir, did you see that child? What wonderful eyes! Look, the—er—fifth couple from the end. The one who stared at me. I nearly lifted my hat, 'pon m'soul I did — eh? Well, what of it? If I was a young man again——"

And it was always for her benefit that schoolboys had pulled self-consciously at their ties, adjusted coloured caps, and repassed the crocodile again.

Subsequently, at balls given for "a few young people" in the big houses flanking the Bayswater Road and the South Kensington Museum, it was round her programme that a horde of frowning young men hovered impatiently with shuffling feet.

Later still, when she married an adoring husband, she continued to have men showing all grades of open admiration and seeking her favours.

So that her whole life and outlook had necessarily been overlaid with the knowledge that it was upon her that all eyes turned whenever she entered a room, wherever she was, whatever she did. She could not get away from this fact; did not want to. She has never been allowed to forget her beauty for a moment. The world has seen to that. The more pleasantly and easily life flowed on because of it, the more gratified she was. Physical attractiveness, and the desire to outshine others of her sex in highly competitive assemblies, became an absorption, a kind of sub-conscious game, so easily played, and almost always won.

For years and years men have sat at her feet in public and in private, their thoughts an open book written in their eyes for her to read clearly; a book she is never tired of studying. For the same number of years women have smiled affectionately into her face and whispered calumnies behind her back. And she has known that this characteristic of the sexes was but an unspoken tribute to her own supremacy, and as long as they continued to do so all was well. She was *hors concours*, and content.

But, latterly, men have become less *empressés*; women have become kinder. Men, she has noticed, have been given to strangling yawns when beside her, their eyes following the movements of other figures in the room. Women, and especially young married women, come and sit by her side in public, under as strong a light as possible, and make tender inquiries as to her health. They seem to say interminably, "Are you frightfully tired this morning, dear? I'm *so* sorry. Strangely enough I feel as fresh as paint myself." Although she has made no reference to her aching fatigue.

These are the two outstanding facts she has noticed lately

But there are others.

They have come crowding in upon her. A vague mist of fear has been spreading insidiously in through the window of her mind. She can't shut it out. Suddenly it assumes dreadful shape.

She is beginning to fade.

She is slipping down hill into the merciless abyss of middle age.

Nobody knows her actual age. Not even her husband, who would not care if he did, being immersed in golf and the things that really matter. But there are certain outward and visible signs. Primarily her mirror. Secondarily her two daughters. They have both grown

up ; shot up would be more correct. She had never noticed they had arrived. They are now rivals, to be reckoned with. They have begun to obtrude, to blot out her view. They have become addicted, also, to a distressing habit of appearing in her bedroom in the morning suddenly, looking her over critically from the fireplace, and saying, placidly :

" I shouldn't go out again this week, Mum, if I were you ; you look rottenly tired—absolutely done in. *Anno domini*, Mumky, that's what it is."

But, of course, they see her in her unprepared state, as no others do, or ever will. It is the desire to be as them, and with them, that causes her to fasten on the armour for the last silent fight.

Teeth clenched in private (who shall know the agony of those bedroom hours ?), sweet, self-possessed smile in public, she begins, and carries on unwaveringly, her crusade against the waning.

There is no quarter given or expected.

But there are certain trusty weapons, flexible and sharp, which can be forged for the fight. She becomes an armourer of them all. She becomes also a vibro-voluptuary ; an electrolysis enthusiast ; a disciple of day-creams.

Her mornings are covered in an impenetrable veil of mysterious movements. You seldom see her before noon. Then only by chance as she passes across your pavement in Bond Street from the door of her taxi to the portal of some purveyor of a beauty that is no gift from God.

From 10 to 12.55 weird, subtle rites are performed behind these doors on first floors over shop premises, wherein the prosaic leather trunk or the tortoiseshell cigarette-case is sold. She will make no appointment with anyone but her high-priests (Staff Lieutenants in her war) before lunch. No. She has " so many things to see to " in the morning. But she will arrive, rather late, at the big cock-and-hen lunch at the " Embonpoint," breathing freshness and gaiety and looking as if she had just strolled in from a spray-flecked Cornish headland. Yet above the smooth skin and the faint pink masterpiece of cheek there glint watchful, anxious eyes. The more deeply she becomes enmeshed in the netting of the magicians of Mayfair the more immovable becomes her composure, the more self-assured her manner.

Have they not lifted fifteen years of her age away from her with a deft touch here, a kneading there ? Does she not come to them after breakfast, sitting miserably back in the grateful gloom of the taxi, looking, and feeling, her maturity ? Do they not smooth her troubles away (for very many pieces of silver) by the laying of adroit hands on the places where her mirror has wounded her that early morning ? So that she rises from the chair of deception, if not exactly youthful, at any rate refreshed, care-free, thankful. Not only care-free ; line free.

It is as balm in Gilead to hear acquaintances say, as they not infrequently do, " I can't understand you at all. You mean to say you are the mother of those two girls ? But you haven't a line on your face ; you are just like *them*—it is amazing. How do you do it ? "

To which she replies, smiling charmingly, " Do what ? I don't do anything—except lead the simple life, perhaps."

Certain people have to be skilfully avoided, however, during the war that is being waged so successfully. She eschews and abhors the chatty woman who has " let herself go all to pieces," a contemporary, who prattles loudly in a mixed assembly of the good old days, and who turns to her suddenly in a restaurant and says :

" Do you remember, dear, that time we were at Biarritz, in 1893 it must have been, or '94, when there was that fearful scandal about Mrs. Pourquoipas and the Russian banker ? She's sitting over there now—see ? Goodness, who would have thought——"

These reminiscent ramblers are a plague and a pestilence. They snatch aside the veil.

Of the ritual attendant upon her morning up-risings who, except her tight-lipped maid, shall know the service or the solemnity ? Of the deep concentration needed before the altar of the mirrors in her bedroom, while the multitude of appliances on the wide dressing-table are deftly handled, what male shall know aught or learn the rudiments of the craft ?

Of the divers unguents which line the glass shelf in the tiled bathroom, who desires to analyse the ingredients, or perceive their effect upon the flaccid skin of the user ?

Suffice it that the ultimate *ensemble* is beyond the carping criticism of any mouths, save those who have passed beyond the reach of the remedies.

It is only when the night creeps on with swift feet into the morning, and the fever of the dance music is unabated, and even the youngest and freshest begin to wilt, that you need pity her.

For then she becomes suddenly and conspicuously old.

There is no shelter, then, from the fierce light of the electrics which beats upon her face and throat where the tell-tale signs appear. She cannot cover them, though she would gladly give the pearls in her ears to be able to. But the tracks of time so ruthlessly exposed will be covered very soon, faithfully, skilfully, and she will be smiling again, the serene, composed smile for which she is famous—and all will be well.

Supposing she has not the wherewithal to procure these costly weapons for the fight against the fading ? What does she do ? Nothing, except smile serenely, though sometimes sadly, but always with a stout heart. You seldom hear the poor woman complain about her loss of looks. Poverty has made her stoical, even in the greatest misfortune of all. By the time middle-age has enveloped her she has acquired other, less ephemeral, interests than her personal adornment.

She has been scorched in the flame rather more fiercely, if she is poor, and has other things to think about. She is usually to be found, at this stage, forging weapons for other people's battles with life, seldom for her own, as to the issue of which she is calmly indifferent. But ask a middle-aged man, who has also been scorched, which of the two is most lovable, most attractive.

One need not write down his answer, or conjecture it.

It may be taken as read.

BY ALBERT BAILEY

PLAYTIME

The actors play their little parts
With dummy swords and dummy hearts,
While golden moments on the wing
Whisper, "The play is *not* the thing"—R. A.

THE LAST C

BY A. K. MACDONALD

GLAD DAYS

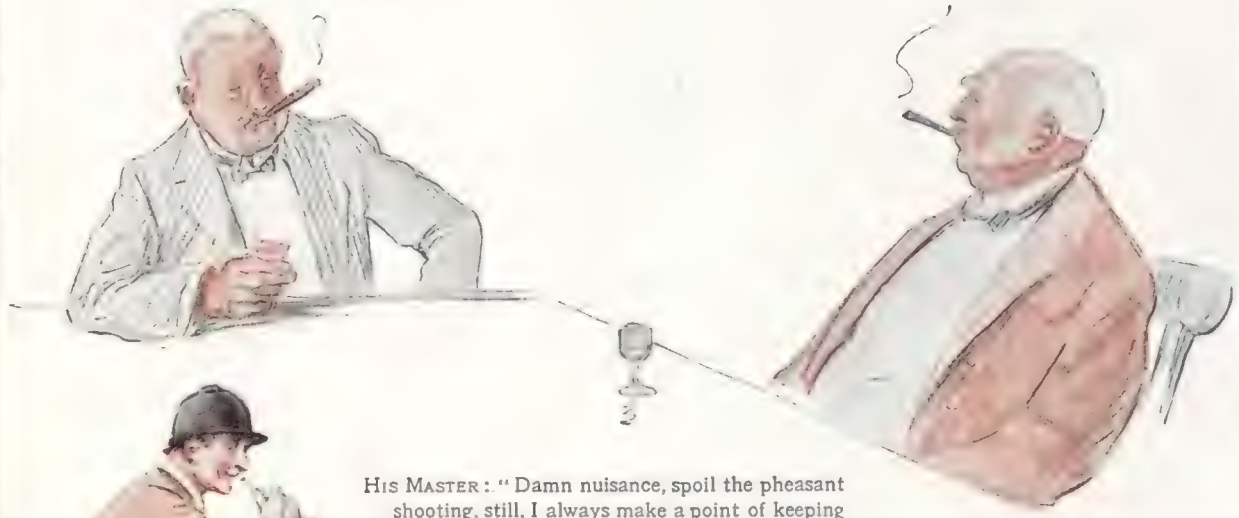
EYE WASH!

OR

"Where Ignorance is Bliss, 'tis Folly to be Wise"

Sketches by LIONEL EDWARDS

THE KEEPER: "Well, I'll get my 'find money,' anyhow! and The 'Unt will never know!"



HIS MASTER: "Damn nuisance, spoil the pheasant shooting, still, I always make a point of keeping a fox for my neighbours!"

THE HUNTSMAN: "Bagman? 'Course 'e was! Think I don't know? Still it 'elps to make another brace, sir!"

THE M.F.H. (*writing up diary*): "Found . . . killed . . . twisting fox . . . rotten day, suspect a bagman"

There is something repellent to the average sportsman's mind, in hunting a bagged fox, but, as our artist suggests, it is occasionally done without the field being any the wiser

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

GRAND SLAM IN DIAMONDS

By W. L. GEORGE

"BABE!" said the duchess, "you burn me up."

Silence reigned in the large and luxurious room where the little Duchess of Farnshire was subjecting her hair to the attentions of Angélique. A few yards away sat one of those men of no particular age, clothing or colour, who are manufactured by nature to play the unobtrusive part of private detective. Just now he looked together impenetrable and firm. So much so that the little duchess, who had been the prettiest American girl of her year, was forced to go on: "Say, cutie," she remarked, in a friendly tone: "it's all guff, ain't it?"

"No, your grace," said the detective.

"My!" said the duchess in accents of admiration. "I'll tell the world you know how to hand out the dope! And I'll say it's some tale, but you won't get away with it. Get me?"

The detective received these cryptic remarks with respect. He understood them perfectly. The duchess was the heiress of Silas K. Schlodden, whose millions, produced by canned beans, had much improved the appearance of the ducal coronet. She had discovered that the slang of the Bowery was socially successful; thus, only her intimates understood her. The detective was one of these, for the little duchess, who had red hair and green eyes, showed the impetuosity of that temperament. Someone had to stand guard over the Schlodden diamonds, said to be worth three hundred thousand pounds, for the little duchess was, unfortunately, given to hurling them into a corner of the room, saying they made her feel hot.

"I know quite well, your grace," said the detective, in soothing tones, "that these stories seem absurd, but I can assure your grace that they are not. Your grace is sailing to-morrow morning on the *Rubric*, and I have information, information from Scotland Yard, to the effect that Johnson and Edwards, two of the best known transatlantic crooks, are sailing also, and that they intend to have your grace's diamonds."

"Look 'ee here," said the duchess, firmly, "look 'ee here, Mr. Detective. Who do you think you're talking to? A rube rubbernecking around? I tell you I'm from Missouri, I am, and you gotter show me."

"I can assure your grace that the risk is very great. Johnson and Edwards have been known to the police for many years, but they have never been caught. They will steal your diamonds."

"I should worry," replied the duchess. "You bet your sweet life I shan't take 'em off."

"I'm afraid, your grace, that this will not stop these men. Somehow or other, of course, I don't know how, they will get your diamonds; they will conceal them; they will pass them to a confederate, and you will lose them. Without the slightest doubt you will lose them. So I beg your grace to leave them behind, and to wear, just for this short trip, the imitation which lies before you."

The little duchess seemed to hesitate. Then she changed her mind: "You get my goat, Mr. Detective. Those diamonds . . . they cost poppa a million bucks. Poppa'd never forgive me. I'll take 'em. So you make a noise like a hoop and roll away."

II

The arrival of the duchess on board the *Rubric* provided the sensation which she was accustomed to supply. In the afternoon she gave a reception on the promenade deck, greeting affably total strangers, who were glad to cluster within the ducal circle. The duke was not on deck, as he had gone to the bar, from which he seldom emerged until the three-mile limit was reached. The fact was at once noted by Johnson and Edwards, who were promenading the deck with a detached air, beautifully got up in blue serge, and wearing the most correct caps. In the guise of innocent tourists, they frequently consulted Baedeker and plans of New York. Finding themselves alone forward, where the wind blew strong, they ventured to confide:

"I say," remarked Johnson, "did you notice that she was wearing the diamonds in the afternoon?"

Edwards grinned: "She's a Schlodden. Schloddens don't hide their diamonds. Haven't had 'em long enough. You know, what we got to do is to work out things a bit."

Things were worked out in detail. The partners would take it in turns to watch the duchess so as to ascertain whether she always wore the diamonds. If she did not, it would be simple to enter her cabin and appropriate them. If, on the other hand, it was clear that she always wore them, her stateroom would be entered before it was locked, and one of the parties would stay under the bed until the moment came. The thing was almost wearisome in its simplicity. In due course the diamonds would be passed to their partner, the steward, who would pass them to the friendly stoker, who would conceal the booty under a loose board. Thereupon, accompanied by Baedeker, they resumed the promenading of the deck. They made sure before dinner that the duchess still wore the diamonds; at eleven the duchess went to her stateroom. At twelve o'clock the friendly steward informed them that her grace was in bed, and that the diamonds hung round her neck. Well informed and unhurried, like all masters, Johnson and Edwards went to their stateroom and to bed.

Both these gentlemen slept lightly, as is necessary in their profession. Thus, at about two o'clock in the morning, they were among the first to be roused by a powerful disturbance on the deck immediately above theirs.

"I say, Johnson! Johnson, wake up!" cried Edwards.

(All rights strictly reserved)

"What is it?" said Johnson, still sleepy.

"I don't know. There's a row going on. Ship on fire, or something."

Johnson leapt out of bed, followed by Edwards. Hurriedly putting on dressing-gowns they went into the corridor, where they were joined by several other figures similarly attired. They listened for a moment. They could perceive male voices and a woman's screams. One of the ship's officers went running by, and instinctively they followed him up the companion towards "A" deck. There they found a group, continually increased by new arrivals in dressing-gowns, collected round the little duchess, who, with convulsed features, was uttering scream after scream, while the officer patted her hand and made reassuring noises. By degrees the screams grew understandable. "My diamonds! . . . stolen! . . . stolen! . . . . while I was asleep . . . stolen!"

A thrill of horror ran round the assembly. The officer felt that he must do something. "Surely, duchess, you're mistaken?"

"Stolen . . . my diamonds! . . . stolen!"

A confused murmur arose. Stewards ran about with a helpful air, switching on lights and looking down the stairs for something that wasn't there; some assumed a threatening attitude to they didn't know what.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the officer, determined to assert himself, "this is a serious business, and we cannot deal with it in the middle of a crowd. I shall be obliged if you will return to your staterooms and leave the authorities in charge. Now, ladies and gentlemen, please." Half-persuasive, half-forceful, he cleared a space. The duchess was in a fainting condition, her red hair unbound and rolling upon his arm. He became nervous. "Now, please, your grace, please try not to cry. We shall get them back for you. We shall, I assure you." After a while the second in command was sent for, and made an inquiry. He was a Scotch Radical, who looked upon duchesses and diamonds as of the damned. But here was his duty.

"Will you describe the diamonds?" he asked, in a funereal tone.

"Eighty-one stones, of which one weighed eighteen carats, five sixteen carats, nine eleven carats. . . ."

"Anyhow, a diamond necklace," said the officer, solemnly. "Were you wearing it when you went to bed?"

"Sure. Oh, why did I go on the jag?"

"What is the jag?" asked the Scotchman, without a smile.

"Jag . . . whisky and soda . . . and benedictine," said the duchess, tearfully. "Oh, I'll go on the water wagon."

"I see. You were inebriated," said the officer. "How can you be sure you were wearing the diamonds?"

"Angélique," moaned the duchess, nodding towards her maid. "She saw."

"Were you also inebriated?" asked the officer. But the look of the hard, black eyes daunted him. So he went on. But he elicited nothing at all. The duchess had retired to bed, and, the diamonds round her neck, went to sleep. Then she became conscious of something or other. She woke up, found her door open. Jumping out in terror she found her diamonds gone. The scene having lasted an hour, and having terminated by an outburst of rage on the part of Angélique, who demanded to be searched at once, the duchess was persuaded back to her stateroom, and the incident closed.

III

"Well," said Johnson, sitting on his bed, and forgetting his gentlemanly rôle, "this is a pretty kettle of fish, Sammy."

"We're done," said Edwards. "Who's on board?"

Johnson made a helpless gesture. "Who's to know? There's thousands on board. Some crook has got hold of the shiners. And it's too late to do a deal with him."

The rest of the night was spent in recriminations and miserable reflections on the disaster. They nearly had a fight, for Johnson suggested that if Edwards had listened to him he'd have got under the bed the first evening, leaving nothing to chance or to another crook.

"Ah!" Johnson summed up, "you make me sick."

It was a horrible journey. The duchess's diamonds provided a topic to every conversation. Every stateroom and every passenger was searched. The crew was stripped. The ship hove to for three hours so that the propeller shaft might be investigated. And a young man who wanted to get on in society went down into the oil bunkers. Johnson and Edwards were foremost in the search. After all . . . they might find them. Five days passed, then five and a half. There came a blur, then the coast. Johnson said to Edwards: "The bar's closed. It's all up."

IV

When the duchess set foot upon the wharf, supported by Angélique, she was immediately surrounded by New York's four hundred, headed by Silas K. Schlodden and her mother, who flung themselves tearfully upon her neck.

"Oh," wailed Mr. Schlodden, "I've gotten your wireless. Oh, Roma, I didn't think you was such a boob."

"Boob!" said the little duchess with dignity. "I won't stand for being called a boob, poppa."

"Course you're a boob. Them diamonds stand me in for more than a million iron men, and you let some crooks . . . Roma, I'm sore at you."

"Wal," said the little duchess, "what do you know about that! How did you make your pile, poppa, jumping at conclusions, as the British aristocrats say?"

"But the diamonds . . .?"

"Sure, the diamonds. What's caught, poppa?" She fumbled at the fastener of her fur coat, and upon a beautiful white neck exhibited the Schlodden diamonds.

For one moment New York seemed silent. Then, in a clear tone, so that nobody might miss the phrase, not even Johnson and Edwards, the duchess said, "My love to that bunch of crooks. If my diamonds were stolen the first night out, they couldn't be stolen again. But they weren't stolen, poppa. I just said they were . . . and those wise guys didn't look around. So, my love to the bunch, and here's a tale that'll start 'em walking."

Two Leading Lights of London Theatreland

MISS JOSÉ COLLINS

In one of the radiant new frocks which she so gracefully wears in "The Last Waltz"—that richly caparisoned musical comedy which seems successfully to have banished the Hoodoo man of ill-luck from the Gaiety Theatre

MISS BARBARA HOFFE

Who is playing Nona, Lady Tybar, in the dramatised version of "If Winter Comes" at the St. James's Theatre. The American, Dutch, Scandinavian and German rights of the play were either disposed of or negotiated for before it came to London—surely a record this!

Photographs *Stage Photo Co. and Foulsham & Banfield*

THE LAW AND LAWTON. BY "PENDARVES"

IF you are interested in the study of languages from the point of view of the flowery and the picturesque, I can recommend nothing more educating and inspiring than a conversation with Oxford or Cambridge undergraduates on the subject of the law, as laid down by the Rugby Union, and T. Lawton, who has recently become a hapless victim of it. The picturesque and purple language, I find, is not only the birthright of the Oxford undergraduate in this matter. Several staid Dons have "let go" to me about it in a manner which not only surprised but delighted me.

I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Lawton, except from the Press Stand at Twickenham, where he played brilliantly as stand-off half to A. T. Young in the 'Varsity Match, and indifferently in the Final Trial, and so I hold no personal brief. But this gentleman seems to be suffering from the fact that he is by birth an Australian.

To be a Colonial appears to be quite a drawback to some people in this insular country of ours. The English Rugby Union have apparently just woken up to this horrid fact, the Rugby season being now well on the wane, and have set about investigating this player's past misdemeanours. I use the word "misdemeanour," for as such the E.R.U. seem to regard it.

The full weight and heinousness of his offence lies in the fact that Mr. Lawton, "way back" in 1919, on returning home with the Australian Expeditionary Force, played for Queensland University, where he was presumably a student, in six matches. Of these matches one was against Sydney University Rugby League team, and the other five against local teams in Queensland.

The Rugby Union lays down that a man may not play in teams which number less than fifteen players. Another count against him, seemingly, is that he played under "League" rules. Let us examine the nature and extent of these crimes.

Up to 1917, when he joined the Army, he played Rugger under English Rugby Union rules. That code, however, had disappeared from Queensland in 1919 when he got back there; so that in order to get a game of Rugby at all, which he very naturally and properly wished to do, he had to play in teams of under fifteen strong. Mr. Lawton assures us, firstly, that he had no idea his playing for Queensland University would have prejudiced his subsequent status as a faithful disciple of the Code at Oxford, or he certainly would not have played, and, secondly, that there is no such thing as a "professional" Rugby footballer in Australia (it isn't *done* out there, thank goodness), and that the word "League" is a name only, and has no sinister interpretation such as might be put upon it over here.

One must surely accept this gentleman's word in the matter? But what astonishes me (and the undergraduates, and many hundreds of other Rugby enthusiasts) is the lateness of the hour in which the Rugby Union parades this piece of violent legislation. He is allowed to play for Oxford University regularly until the 'Varsity Match, when he is given his "Blue," thereby stamping him—if any stamp is necessary—as *tout q'il y a de plus amateur*. Moreover, he is picked by the English Selection Committee as one of their thirty best *amateurs* in England, and is told to play as such. Subsequently, a supposed sin is dragged into the daylight against him, and a *Rugby Blue* is suspended! Can't you hear the language echoing round the Quads to the chuckled appreciation of Hall Porters?

I suppose the defence of the Despots is that they have only just got wind of it. To which everyone is replying "that is *your* something funeral."

And so it is.

If the E.R.U. is to maintain its position as the Guardians of the game and its Law Givers, it is not doing itself much good in the eyes of its critics by openly admitting, as it has, that it does not find out about the status of a player until after it has played him as a possible for England!

There is another aspect of the case which is even more serious if it were not so stupid. And this is that unless a certain amount of elasticity and tolerance is introduced into this vexed Colonial question, we are going to be deprived of the services of some brilliant exponents of the game from overseas.

Furthermore, if the E.R.U. maintain their sticky attitude about Lawton, thereby creating a puerile precedent, it means that no Queenslander (and for that matter no Australian at all, I imagine), whose son is destined for Rugby play in England, will be able to send him to his State University, because if he played Rugby as it happens to be played there he would not be able to play under the Rugby Union here. Could anything be more absurd? It does not require a very vivid imagination to realise what the authorities of the Queensland and Sydney Universities are saying about it.

No doubt when these notes appear the E.R.U. will have pulled themselves together and descended into the realms of ordinary intelligent mortals.

But the principle remains.

As Pants the 'Art

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE ORIGIN OF "PLUS FOURS"

How the original designer first realised the possibilities for grace and elegance combined with dignity in the "Plus Fours" shape

The INVENTOR

(With Apologies to W. S. Gilbert)

By W. HODGSON BURNET

I saw him first on Dover Pier,
His face was drawn and yellow,
He was jumping in when I said "Look here!
Come! none of that, young fellow!"
(It is not often, by the way,
That I am bold enough to say
Upon a pier
Things like "Look here!
Come! none of that, young fellow!")

He glared at me and heaved a sigh,
And said, "I came to Dover
Because I fully mean to die,
And want to get it over."
(A young man can't be happy who
In such a manner answers you,
It makes one shy
When men reply
"I want to get it over!")

"I've tried," he said to make amends,
"By quietly disappearing,
But it invariably ends
With some fool interfering"
(This wasn't in the best of taste,
For though no doubt he spoke in haste,
I felt that he
Referred to me
As "some fool interfering.")

'Last time it was a bearded fool
Who stopped me at Newhaven,
But those who do it as a rule
Like you, sir, are clean-shaven."
(It here occurred to me the lad
Was absolutely raving mad,
For no one sane
Would vex his brain
'Twixt "bearded" and "clean-shaven.")

I soothed him and remarked, "Come, come,
Your heart is heavy laden,
Perchance, poor boy, you pine for some
Unworthy, fickle maiden?"
(A young man frequently, you'll find,
Becomes most morbidly inclined,
And wants to die
—I don't know why—
For some unworthy maiden.)

"My trouble is not that," he said,
"No girl's refused to mate me,
It's bearded men who want me dead,
Great hairy men who hate me!"
(This was the second time the lad
Had uttered words which sounded mad;
There seemed no sense
In his intense—
'Great hairy men who hate me!")

"Few know my shameful secret yet,
But it is quickly spreading,
I had—I've not forgotten yet—
A narrow squeak at Reading."
(The thing was now beyond a joke,
Quite crossly to the lad I spoke,
"What mean you by
—Come, sir! reply—
'A 'narrow squeak' at Reading?")

"I heard," he said, "a man one day
Declare in tones of thunder,
'If that there joker comes my way
I'll tear his limbs asunder!'"
(I felt some pity for the youth,
For if, indeed, he spoke the truth
He'd *not* forget
That awful threat
To tear his limbs asunder!)

The madman ceased, I said, 'Look here,
Your story's doubtless true, sir,
But tell me—for you've nought to fear—
What *did* you really do, sir?"
(How innocent my question seemed!
For at the time I little dreamed
What his reply
Would be to my
"What did you really do, sir?")

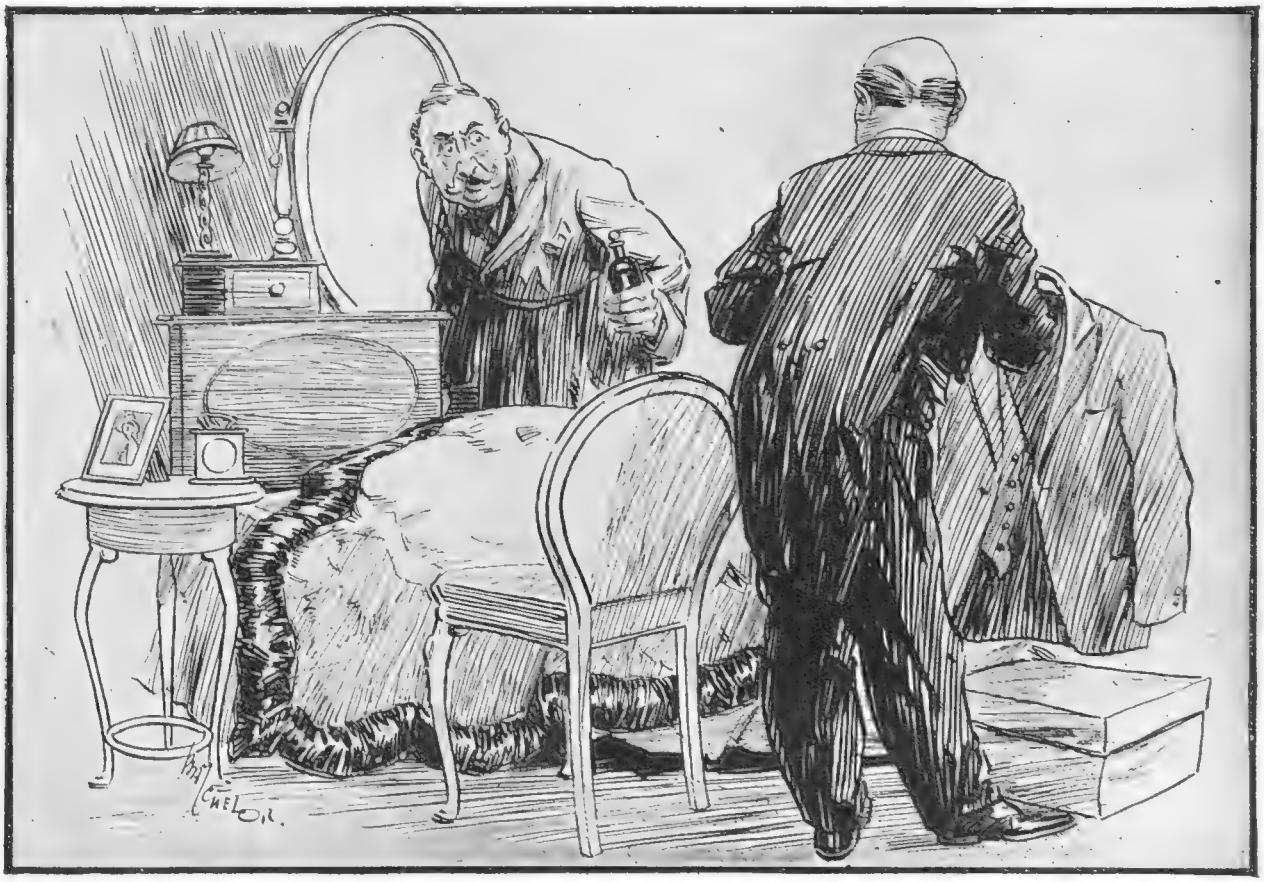
"No woman haunts me, sir," said he,
"I am no gay deceiver,
Ah! let me go! you see in me
The man who started 'BEAVER!'"
(It is not often you will meet
A man so wildly indiscreet
As to admit
—Just think of it—
That *he* invented 'BEAVER!')

I seized him quickly from behind,
And from the pier at Dover
Before he'd time to change his mind
I flung the wretch right over.
(P.S.—All bearded men may send
Subscriptions to their beardless friend
Who showed no fear
On Dover pier
And flung the wretch right over.)

UNFLAGGING

By George S. Dixon

"But, my dear young lady, I can't always be giving. I subscribe annually, and am a life member of your hospital"
"Then *do* buy a flag, and lead a double life!"



ANCIENT 'AIRS REVIVED!

By Batchelor

Colonel (*about to dye his hair*): "What on earth is that beastly tune you are whistling, Graves?"
Valet (*under notice*): "'Old Soldiers Never Dye,' sir!"

A Wireless Wash-Out—

BY BERT THOMAS

—And a Little Local Disturbance

The Discussions of Potash & Perlmutter

By Montague Glass

No. X.—WINTER RESORTS—AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN

"I SEE where the United States Shipping Board is now advertising that you can buy from them a green certificate good for one round trip to Europe on board a United States Shipping Board steamer, and you can make a birthday or wedding present of it to a friend," Abe Potash remarked to Morris Perlmutter recently.

"And after the friend gets such a certificate, Abe, does he consider it an asset or a liability?" Morris asked. "Because the way it looks to me, Abe, such a present is the equivalence of giving somebody for a birthday present a coupon good for one operation for appendicitis by a first-class, A Number one surgeon, and all that the man who gets it has to supply is the appendix, the private room in the hospital, two trained nurses, and a couple of months away from business."

"Well, I don't know," Abe observed. "After all, Mawruss, a certificate for appendicitis has only got behind it the promise of an individual, whereas the certificate calling for one round trip to Europe is backed by the United States Government the same like it would be a ten dollar silver certificate."

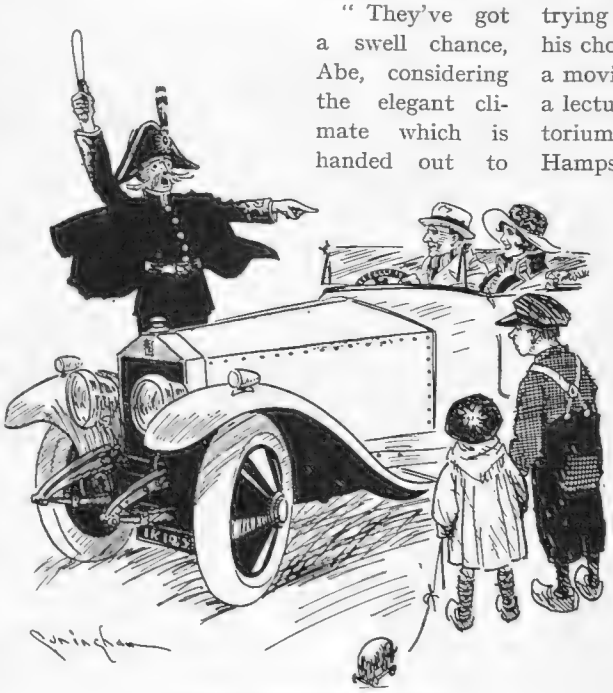
"But that would make it money," Morris objected.

"Well, why not?" Abe asked. 'With such financiers like Mr. Ford and Mr. Bryan running round loose, Mawruss, anything is liable to happen to the currency, and I for one would just as lieve have a few trips to Europe laying idle in the bank as a few million horse-power. So therefore, Mawruss, it wouldn't surprise me in the least if pretty soon someone would ask you how much you paid for your new car, and you would answer: 'One round trip to Naples via Gibraltar and Madeira."

It's a Hot Time, Not a Place

"Still, Mawruss," Abe continued, "I don't believe that the idea of the United States Shipping Board is anything else except a stab at grabbing some of the winter tourist trade to Europe."

"They've got a swell chance, Abe, considering the elegant climate which is handed out to the tourist in Florida and California," Morris observed.



'Asks you to park somewhere else"

"Well, climate to a winter tourist ain't so absolutely necessary as a Southern railroad folder would try to make out, Mawruss," Abe declared. "Take a tourist who has put a hundred dollars on the Red in Monte Carlo, and when Black comes up, y'understand, he can break into as profuse a perspiration in mid-January as if he would be standing at the corner of 23rd Street and Broadway at twelve noon on August 15, y'understand. Also, Mawruss, Miami, Florida, is from fifteen to twenty degrees warmer than San Remo, Italy, in February, Mawruss, but the average American winter tourist ain't so much out for a hot place as he is out for a hot time, understand me."

"Our American winter resorts ain't offering attractions for loafers, Abe," Morris said. "They are trying to get the respectable tourist trade."

"Sure, I know," Abe agreed, "and a great many of them are trying to get it by giving the tourist his choice of killing his evenings at a moving picture show or going to a lecture in the High School Auditorium by the President of New Hampshire State University on *Some Problems of Modern Education*. But if I should ever get enough money laid by to pass January, February, and March in a warm climate, y'understand, I hope you wouldn't consider me a loafer if I should want to go to a place where I could sit and listen to some good music and drink something a little more seasonable for February than vanilla ice cream soda."

Exercising at Roulette

"But so far as I know, Abe, you don't spend your evenings in New York listening to good music and drinking something stronger than ice cream soda," Morris said. "In fact, from what I gather from Rosie, Abe, taking her to a moving picture once in a while would be a big departure from your regular routine of laying on the sofa after dinner and pretending you are reading the paper till you call your own bluff by snoring too loud."

"Say! In New York I ain't living exactly the life of a winter tourist in the daytime, neither, Mawruss," Abe retorted. "But you take the average winter tourist,

according to the illustrated papers, Mawruss, and seemingly he's got nothing on his mind all day long but keeping his white flannel pants in good enough condition so as not to have to send them too often to a dry cleaner, and naturally when it comes to be eight o'clock, it would be anyhow four hours before he would be tired enough to put on his felt slippers and read himself to sleep."

"Well, Europe is Europe and America is America," Morris commented, "and over here in America, it is the custom that a winter tourist should get his exercise during the daytime playing golf, whereas in Europe, y'understand, a winter tourist don't begin to get any real exercise until about ten p.m., when he starts in to develop the muscles of the right forearm at roulette by shoving a five dollar gold piece on to Number Twenty-seven with a small table putter. After he's done this about fifty times without Number Twenty-seven coming up once, y'understand, the exercise is liable to be so violent that not only his heart would give out on him but his letter of credit as well."

"But it's the business of people who make their living in winter resorts to see that the tourists' letters of credit give out, Mawruss, because an exclusive diet of climate in a winter resort ain't good for neither the inhabitants nor the tourists, y'understand," Abe said. "As the matter stands now, Mawruss, a tourist can take a leather bound volume of travellers' checks with him to an American winter resort, and outside of paying hotel bills and fines for parking his automobile in the wrong place or for not holding out his hand when turning a corner, y'understand, he spends so little money for entertainment that before he gets back home, he could have his travellers' checks rebound three times and still have to redeem the majority of them at the place where he bought them."

A Break Down from Too Much Law

"And speaking of No Parking signs, Mawruss," Abe continued, "that's another reason why the United States Shipping Board is issuing certificates good for one round trip to Europe, which Sam Feder of the Kosciusko Bank made an automobile trip to the South of France last winter, Mawruss, and he says that they are way behind the times in Nice and Monte Carlo. He says that any snappy, up-to-date town in the winter resort zones of America would pay its taxes for years already out of fining automobile tourists for what they do in only one day in Nice, y'understand, and yet in Nice and Monte Carlo, Sam Feder says, if a policeman sees you parking in the wrong place, he comes and asks you to park somewhere else, and lets it go at that. Also, Mawruss, Sam Feder says that the average winter tourist spends a great deal less time in the Casinos at Nice and Monte Carlo than he does in the traffic police courts of American winter resorts, and gets rid of a whole lot less money that way too."

"Seemingly, Abe, you and Sam Feder think that the reason why an American goes to a winter resort is that he has had a breakdown from obeying too many laws and that the doctor has advised him that he must go somewheres where he must absolutely forget all laws, particularly the laws against gambling, drinking, and automobile speeding and parking, or else the doctor wouldn't be responsible for the consequences. Ain't it?" Morris inquired.

"Well, when an American winter tourists stops his automobile on the shores of the Mediterranean and admires the sun setting over the coast of Africa or Corsica or wherever the sun sets in them places, y'understand, it must anyhow add to the enjoyment of the occasion when he realises that he ain't going to be interrupted by a speed cop with a summons to attend before Judge Michael J. O'Hagan in the Municipal Court of the City and County of Monte Carlo for violating Section 2266 of the City Ordinances of the said city in that he did, to wit, leave an automobile standing upon the public highway for more than two minutes against the peace and dignity of the State of Monaco," Abe remarked.

"Sure I know," Morris agreed, "but it would be a whole lot better to get a summons in Monte Carlo for disobeying that particular law than for violating the ordinance which so many winter tourists run up against in Monte Carlo," Morris observed.

"Which law is that?" Abe asked.

"The one forbidding ruined tourists to shoot themselves in the gardens of the Monte Carlo Casino," Morris concluded.

Corned in Egypt. *By S. W. Scadding*

"*Canned-beef* 3,500 *years old.*"—*Vide* DAILY PAPER.

AND so 'tis truth the Preacher taught
That here beneath the sun is naught
Which truly is accounted new
Of all men think, or speak, or do.

The Cubist's art is what men did,
When first they built a pyramid.
And Futurists, we may assume,
Designed King Tut-ankh Amen's tomb.

The modern "novel" stands confessed
As yesteryear's old plot redressed;
Though served up hot and seasoned high
It's merely "resurrection pie."

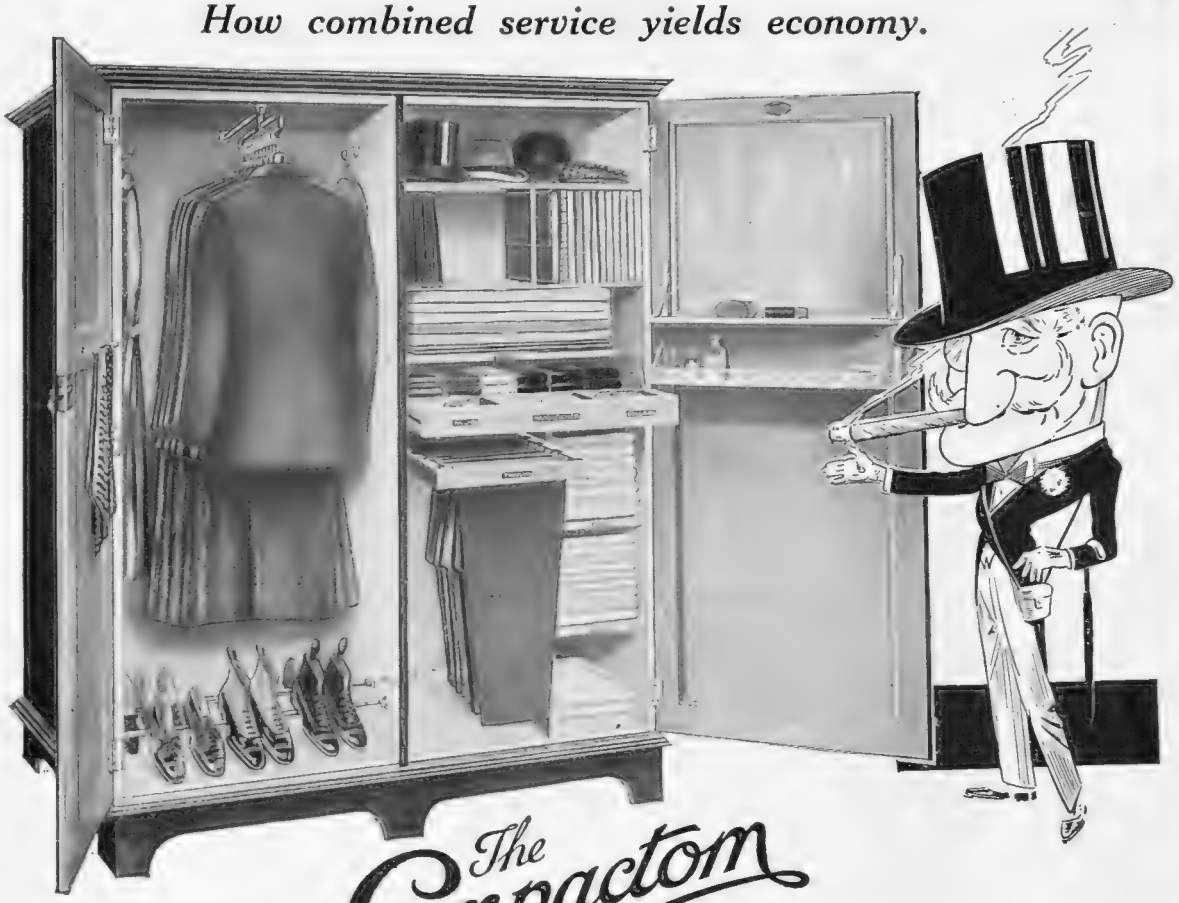
When, as you snatch a hasty lunch,
You smile at some good thing in *Punch*,
You recognise that very jest
As one that pleased your childhood best.

A thing is reckoned up-to-date
Because it comes so very late;
Chicago's cargo's only *chic*
Because man's memory's so weak.

And that is why, or so I'm told,
My tins of beef appear so old.
Egyptians did an export trade
And some of it had got mislaid.

Yet down the ages much the same
(It seems far more than one could claim)
It comes to furnish me at last
A quaint "Luxor"-ious repast.

How combined service yields economy.



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Size 4 ft. 4 in. x 5 ft. 9 in. x 1 ft. 7 in.

Accommodation is provided and named for :—

12 Suits	12 pairs of Pants	12 Undervests
36 Handkerchiefs	12 Pairs of Pyjamas.	36 pairs of Socks
24 Shirts	36 Collars	8 pairs of Boots and Shoes.
24 pairs of Trousers	6 Hats	

A fitted draw-tray is also provided for small clothing articles such as Studs, Cuff Links, Handkerchiefs, etc., with separate compartments for each; whilst a vitrolite shelf and glass-fronted mahogany Gallery are fixed under a plate glass Mirror on the right hand door.

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Floor Space Economy—4' 4" x 1' 7"

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Accessibility—Each and every article is at hand, in view, and in properly proportioned compartments—supplies are seen at a glance—there is no waste space.

Pleasurable Utility—An unending pleasure to the tidy—a necessity to the untidy—it is the most convenient way of preserving clothes, and economises time, space, money . . . . and temper.

29½ Guineas.

Plus £0 14 0 Delivery costs in London.
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Wardrobe service and dressing table service are combined in the Compactom Clothing Cabinet. It serves the dual purpose and is, therefore, the only piece of dressing furniture necessary to satisfy the requirements of the most exacting.

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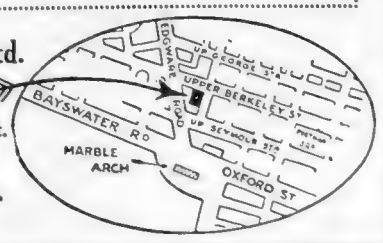

SPORT of the WEEK

As seen by the Camera

Photograph *Central News*

A KICK IN TIME

By Albert Jenkins defeats a forward rush by the Scots in the Rugby International in which Scotland beat Wales at Cardiff—their first win on the Cardiff ground since 1890—by 11 points to 8

Photograph *Topical*

LANCASHIRE'S NEW SKIPPER

Once a professional, always a good fellow, and a fine cricketer and footballer—he has played for England at both games—Jack Sharp has been elected Captain of the Lancashire Cricket Team for the coming season

Photograph *Sport and General*

COMING ALONG QUITE NICELY

The Cambridge crew starting out on one of their practice trips. It was thought that there might be rather a slump in Cambridge Stock this year, but they look like falsifying this prediction. Names:—W. F. Smith (Bow), K. N. Craig (2), F. W. Law (3), S. H. Heap (4), B. G. Ivory (5), T. D. A. Collet (6), R. E. Morrison (7), T. R. B. Sanders (Stroke), R. A. L. Balfour (Cox)

Photograph *British Illust.*

ONE OF MANY

The English Captain, Miss K. Lidderdale, scoring one of the 23 goals by which England beat France in the Ladies' International Hockey Match at Merton. England paid France the compliment of putting about her best team in the field with the result that the French girls, as indicated above, were rather at sea

Photograph *Sport and General*

G. L. MELLIN AND E. F. STOREY

Who played "top" respectively for Addington and Cambridge University. Storey won by 2 and 1, but Addington won the match by 10½ points to 7½

Photograph *Sport and General*

A QUAINT SORT OF TRY

Scored by St. Thomas's against Middlesex in the Inter-Hospitals Rugby Cup Competition which is now in full swing. The Middlesex player who has tried vainly to kick the ball away when he might conceivably have touched it down, is evidently an optimist. St. Thomas's won easily

Photograph *Sport and General*

ONE THOUSAND UP

Sandham scored his fourth century for the M.C.C. last week and is the first man in the team to reach a total of 1,000 runs

Photograph *Sport and General*

GOOD PREPARATION FOR THE TIDEWAY

The Oxford Crew on a long trip to Nuneham during which they encountered some pretty rough water. Names:—P. C. Mallam (Bow), R. Thornycroft (2), A. C. Irvine (3), R. K. Kane (4), J. G. Mower White (5), J. G. Pedder (6), G. O. Nickalls (7), W. P. Mellen (Stroke), G. D. Clapperton (Cox). They shaped well in a hard row of two miles

Photograph *Sport and General*

ANGUS HAMBRO AND H. K. GOADBY

The second couple in the recent match between Addington and Cambridge University. Hambro beat the Cambridge captain by 3 and 1

Photograph *L.N.A.*

INTER-COLLEGIATE ATHLETICS AT OXFORD

A heat in the 220 yards low hurdles in the competition for the Inter-Collegiate Cup in which R. Steversen (Queen's) (right) was the winner. On the left is F. W. S. Melland (Trinity), and in the middle P. Cowen (St. John's)

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

How About That Tax?

So all our bets are to be taxed! At least, that is what those "in the know" at the Treasury are telling us. Well, whether the scheme will come to anything or not, I do not think racing people will be vastly perturbed about the future. Of course, taxes on bets will be a beastly nuisance—but you can say that about all taxes. We hate 'em, especially that nasty one which falls due on January 1. But we pay up as best we can, and try to keep smiling. When all is said and done, betting *is* a luxury, and we have to pay pretty handsomely for most of our luxuries in these expensive days.

"Tote" and Bookie

Which would you rather have: the totalisator or a stamp duty on every bet you make with a bookie? One or the other is bound to come in the long run. Let me consider dispassionately both sides of the "tote.' In some ways I like it, and in others I don't. You get the fair odds, less the 10 or 11 per cent. deducted for taxes and expenses, and in most cases, favourites excepted, the prices compare favourably with those laid by the bookies. Some people say an objection to the "tote" is that it forces you to carry a tidy bit of ready money when you go racing. That may be true, but don't forget that by the same token it limits your losses. The "tote" does not give you credit, whereas the bookie is willing to trust you until settling-day—and that is why so many foolish punters "take the knock!" Think of the money some of us would have saved, say, at Ascot, if we had only taken a "tenner" or a "pony"-to punt with!

Pros and Cons

What I chiefly object to about the pari-mutuel on the day of a big race is the inconvenience it may cause in getting your money on. How galling to line up in a queue and to have the window shut down before you have time to get your ticket! That often happens at Longchamps and Auteuil. The remedy, I suppose, is to bet early, but that often means missing the latest news or a glimpse of the horses in the paddock. Yes, taking one thing with another, the bookie offers greater conveniences than the "tote," however he may pinch his prices.

A Steady Drain

It is complained that the percentage which is taken out of the totalisator is a tremendous drain upon the resources of backers, and must in the end swallow all their money. It is a plausible argument, yet it does not seem to prevent people from continuing to bet freely on the "tote" in those countries where it is installed.

By "The Tout"

WATCHING THE FINAL

The Earl of Enniskillen (left) and the Earl of Sefton, two Waterloo Cup enthusiasts, are "certs" for the Waterloo Cup Coursing Meeting which opens to-day (February 14th)

HUNTING NOTES

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

Fernie Changes

I wrote last week something about the hunting personnel of the Shires, and the ink was scarcely dry when the news came of the resignations of Mrs. Fernie and Mrs. Faber. The gap they leave in High Leicestershire will not be easy to fill, but the occasion will doubtless produce the right man. Years ago the suggestion that a woman should hunt a fashionable country like the Fernie would have been received by marked disapproval, but Mrs. Fernie, ably assisted for two seasons past by the wife of Colonel Walter Faber, has proved that the thing can not only be done, but really well done. Does the resignation of these ladies herald the retirement of Arthur Thatcher? If that is so, won't the foxes of High Leicestershire be pleased!

"Johnnie"

Before the War, Count J. de Madre was a familiar figure in the Warwickshire hunting field, as well as on the polo grounds. But excepting for his brief visit to Ranelagh with the French team last summer, we have not seen much of "Johnnie" for a long time past. However, he is just as keen on polo as ever he was, and his intention to bring another team from India for a season at the London clubs is now taking definite shape. Among the players who are coming with him is Major E. G. Atkinson, whom all polo people in this country are anxious to see. Following his triumphs in the Indian Inter-Regimental, Major Atkinson helped the Viceroy Staff's team to win the Indian Championship at Calcutta at Christmas. "Johnnie's" generosity in the matter of ponies has enabled many famous players to come to the front in the past, and it is satisfactory to know that Major Atkinson is now to get his chance in English polo.

The New Polo

Have you heard, by the way, of "indoor polo," a game which is going strongly ahead in the United States? Among its advantages is that it can be played under cover at any time of the year, while it is vastly less expensive than the *pukka* polo. I venture to predict that it will not be long before the game takes root in this country. Already indoor polo has begun to take an international shape, as a team of English players has left for New York to play America's best for the championship. The side comprises Mr. F. W. Egan, Captain W. F. Holman, and Captain W. K. McMullen, with Captain W. L. Walford as spare man. Arrangements for the team were made by Mr. J. Barret Crockett, the representative on this side of the U.S. Indoor Polo Association, as whose guests the players have gone to America.

To H.M. THE KING

BY APPOINTMENT

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

HAVE you your particular chair at the club? Do you always carry your keys in the same pocket? Do you read your paper in the same order every day?

Habits? Yes; but behind them lies the experience of convenience.

So with the man to whom Lincoln Bennett is a habit. He knows that a Lincoln Bennett will relieve him of all anxiety as to style, shape and appearance.

Lincoln Bennett

Only Hats made entirely of pure Hares' Fur are correctly described as "Genuine Velours."

All Lincoln Bennett Velours are guaranteed Pure Hares' Fur, and to be made throughout in our own factories in England.

Supplied by the Best Hatters throughout the Kingdom. The names of those in your district on request, with Booklet, "Felt Hats, what they are made of and how to choose them."

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"I owe it to Australia—

thanks to Tintara, I am getting stronger every day." Burgoyne's Tintara, grown upon ferruginous soil, is the produce of Australia and is the most remarkable natural tonic known.

Tintara is a full-bodied soft Burgundy, as palatable as it is health producing; as good as a dinner beverage as it is a recuperative.

Burgoyne's

"Every little grape becomes a little Tonic."

Tintara

(ferruginous)

Your medical man will tell you that for 50 years Tintara has surpassed all tonics in CONVALESCENCE & ANÆMIA.

OF ALL WINE MERCHANTS 5/- PER BOTTLE

Also in flagons at 7/- but a Burgoyne flagon contains 1½ bottles.

The quality wines of the Empire

Precautionary Tips and Doggy Commonplaces

By "THE KENNELMAN." *Sketches by NICOLSON*

THE days immediately following a big Show, especially a big winter Show, are an anxious time for exhibitors. A week having passed now since Cruft's monster exhibition, those of us whose kennels are clear of even the suspicion of rheumy eyes, hot, sticky nostrils, or any tendency to lassitude and a pernickety attitude toward food, incline to lift up our hearts. The danger is not past yet, to be sure; but—so far, so very good; the more so, of course, if last week enabled us to add to our collection of "Cards."

But it's an anxious time, sure enough, for one can't deny the big winter Show is a pretty chancy source of infection. Makes you feel like coming out of an extra "unhealthy" bit of Line in France—or going in. There, at least, you gave no thought to infection. If you could carry your pack down the communication trench after relief, you were clear; so far as that Show went, anyhow. But with the Dogs, casualties take longer to declare.

If your kennel is extensive, there's no doubt about the worthwhileness of quarantining for a couple of weeks, after getting back from such a Show as Cruft's. Far better sure than sorry. In any old case, however limited your accommodation, you can take some simple precautions, among which I include for the returning exhibit a good brisk purgative; specially careful grooming and cleaning; internal and external dressing with antiseptic. (Before and during the Show I use the antiseptics. Make sure your chosen brand is really effective and trustworthy.)

Here's my modest contribution to the already tiresomely overdone discussion of "pampered little beasts"; with special reference to the more preposterous assertions made about Pekingese. Our little lady of this breed is now in her seventh year; champion-bred on both sides. She's never had distemper, or known a single day's illness, or missed a meal, since she was weaned. Since the age of four months she's had one square meal daily (9 a.m.), and at 5 p.m. daily precisely one quarter of an ordinary full-size Dog-biscuit; *and nothing else.* (The square meal consists of 2 ozs. lean meat, raw, a scrap of well-cooked carrot, or Spanish onion, and one quarter of a Dog-biscuit.) She is a very keen ratter and all-round sportswoman, does several miles a day with the Hounds, weighs 9 lbs. 1 oz., never yaps or snaps, has never been known to show the white feather, carries her plume high, understands every blessed word you say to her, and is a great and intelligent

"Bilfred, the—er—Terrier"

talker. (I'm quite prepared to sign foregoing chit in affidavit form.) Her owner's a woman; also a lady; also rich enough, if she desired any such foolishness, to lap her Dogs in ermine andfeed 'em on *foie gras.*

I've previously mentioned Bilfrid, the—er—Terrier; apropos his efficiency as kennel assistant, on volunteer police duty, etc. Here are a few commonplaces noted in my diary about him: When he's out of sight, curled up fast asleep in his chair of an evening, if I begin to peel an apple (using the utmost care to do it silently), he instantly jumps down and hurries forward for his share. When, after giving him a scrap or two, I say, "No more," even though I say it in the most casual whisper, he returns immediately to his chair, with Morse-code, tail-given "Thank you!" (His instant recognition and fervent appreciation of Cox's Orange Pippins is most marked.) When my little clock pings out the hour of ten, no matter how comfortably he's sleeping, or how still and silent I keep, he jumps down and walks across to me, waiting, at attention. There he remains, so long as I give no sign. The instant I take my pipe from my mouth he gives one low gurgle, and trots to the door. It's time for his good-night outing, and my walk round the Kennels. No matter where we are, or what he's doing, if we're in the dark, and I say, ever so quietly or casually, "Where are you, Bilfrid?" he replies instantly with two or more pronounced *sniffs*; no more, no less. Space fails me; but the list of commonplaces is a long one.

England breeds the best Dogs and produces the best doggy foods and accessories of all kinds; but she doesn't let the world at large know nearly enough about it. In this connection we're all behind in advertising, and keep our light as religiously hidden as if there were an air raid on!

So here's a word to the wise (and thrifty) among Dog-breeders, and, specially, among business folk who cater for them—appliances, foods, medicines, doggy accessories—we live in an advertising age, and blushing unseen butters no parsnips. *Make your good works known!* And incidentally, save me postage! From Japan, and North and South America; from many curiously remote spots, inquiries keep reaching me from BYSTANDER readers who want your products and have no notion how or where to obtain 'em, and so have to make shift with the products of more enterprising folks in other lands. This really is worth looking into. It isn't fair to leave it all to me; and it isn't business, either, because nobody could cover one *n*th of the ground, by post.

DEAR URSULA, *February 9th*

This cute little "bell push" has a jade Buddha on top. I feel that I must ring for things as often as possible, just to show him off to my friends.—

PAM IN PARIS

As my knowledge of the French language increases, so does my knowledge of the world. This new magazine is a "wind-striker." (I invented that slang myself.) I should love to put the title on it, but it might not pass the censor.—

I have heard it said that in every man's life comes the one woman, the one horse and the one dog. Will this be the one shoe in mine? Or will there be others?

PAMELA

Femina

FRESH AIR AND HOUSES

BY MRS. M. VINCE

FRESH air is a mysterious thing. Though so many human beings pay so little heed to it, they are not to be put off with even the most scientifically perfect substitutes for an open window. A very interesting experiment was made at a hospital a number of years ago. All fear of draughts and cold air was got rid of by having windows that did not open. Instead there was an automatic arrangement for keeping the air continually changed. Tests were made which proved satisfactorily that the stale air was, in fact, drawn off, and fresh air substituted for it. Yet in spite of this the patients, and even the nurses, flagged as if they were in want of fresh air. They missed the open window and the full sense of contact with the air outside.

EVERYONE knows the old question, "Why is the country so fresh?" and the answer, "Because in the country no one ever opens a window." I was reminded of it the other day when I was talking to a country builder about getting splashes of paint off windows. The best way to do it—though this is not part of the story—is to use strong hot vinegar. But his idea was that one should do it in the early morning, when the dew was on the window-panes. "For, you know," he said, "that glass is porous. It's not porous to rain, but it is porous to dew." And then he added, proudly, "And that's a thing that no one ever told me. I found it out for myself!"

I SUPPOSE that all the year round, in hot weather and cold, he slept with his bedroom window shut, knowing and feeling no need for fresh air; and that was his romantic explanation of the condensation on the windows. While he slept the dew quietly worked its way through the panes, although they could keep out the heaviest rain.

THAT is strange, and yet, I think, not so strange as the romantic ignorance of that country builder. It seems to me all the stranger because he was a builder. He had been building houses for close on half a century, and though he knew so little about fresh air in his own room, he would have been horrified at the idea of building a house without air-bricks. Though he was so indifferent to the need of fresh air himself, he knew quite well what many people who keep their windows open ignore, that houses as well as human beings need fresh air.

FRESH air is the great protection against dampness and the dry rot which it causes in wood. That is why, in a properly built house, there are air-bricks in the outer walls and holes bored through the joists to allow air to circulate freely between ceilings and floors. This ventilation is especially necessary beneath the floor nearest the ground.

DRY rot is a terrible disease, for it travels through a house with almost incredible speed. Not long ago I came across an interesting case of it. New tenants had moved into a house, and since there was a slight subsidence in part of the basement floor, they had it specially examined for dry rot. No trace of dry rot could be found. Six months later the cook put her foot right through the floor of the basement-passage, which was covered with linoleum, and when the linoleum was taken up, the whole floor was found to be infected with dry rot. Not only that, but the dry rot was already creeping upwards, and besides the floor, a cupboard-door and the lowest of the basement-stairs had to be taken away. The cause of the rot was a very small leak in a pipe, and it had all happened in six months.

FRESH air is the great protection, and there are two things which one can do to see that one's house has it. The first is to make it a rule to have all cupboards frequently aired, especially cupboards under sinks, where there is a risk of dampness. The second is to be very careful with regard to linoleum. In the case I have mentioned the linoleum hid the dry rot for some time after it should have been discovered, but the chief danger of it is that, if the floor is entirely covered, it prevents that slight circulation of air which one gets between the boards, however well laid. For that reason, when linoleum is used in basements, it is a wise precaution not to have it laid right up to the walls, and never round the edges of sinks. M. V.

FROM THE COLOURED ETCHING BY JEAN HARDY

L'ECHO

Tally Ho!–Tally Ho!

"YOUR Kensitas cigarettes, sir . . . . I trust you will have a really good day, and that you will quickly be in 'Full Cry!'"

Yes, sir, I have done some *hunting* in my time . . . .

Exactly, sir, hunting for better cigarettes for you gentlemen. But I cried "Tally Ho!" for the last time when I "raised" the Kensitas.

No need for me to hunt any more, sir, you are always satisfied now, because Kensitas are *always* . . . . "as good as really good cigarettes can be."

Jenkyn

KENSITAS
VIRGINIA
STANDARD SIZE
20 for 1/-
50 for 2/6 · 100 for 4/10
Extra Large Virginia
20 for 1/5
50 for 3/5 · 100 for 6/10

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No pictures, prizes or other inducements are offered with Kensitas — all the value is in the cigarettes themselves.

Manufacturers: J. WIX & SONS, Ltd., 174-175-176 Piccadilly, W.1.

"Much Ado About the Nothings-On"

BY "ROLAND." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN*

MES AMIS—

THERE are two eternal problems. The other is reparations. That one we can leave to the politicians—if not safely, at the least with the avowal that we could not handle it any better, and might possibly do worse. *En plus*, they are paid to deal with that kind of matter. And, *argument decisif*, we shall quite enough have on our hands with the older affair.

I HAVE not mentioned the name thereof, because one has felt that you shall have guessed in

"Shocked men who take their wives home"

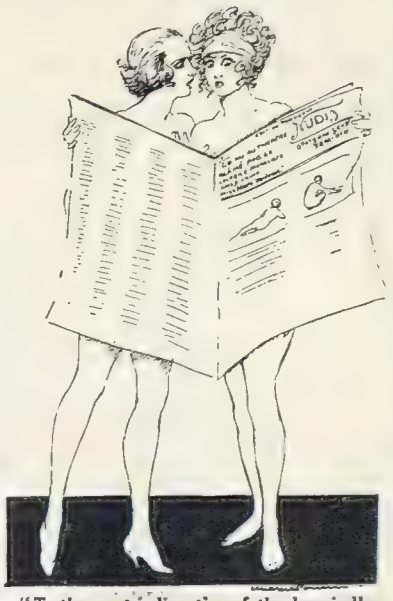
one. For it has had to be mentioned frequently. The concern is with the nude in art. Inevitably, after the passage of a period of silence, in which has appeared the possibility to venture on all the liberties without the comment, the topic is revived as an affair for the heated discussion.

TO regard the apparel of some of those who do participate most vigorously in the disputation, you should not imagine the bare possibility for them to become heated, but, apparently, the warmth of their convictions does suffice for the absence of the more substantial clothes for their protestations. The particular point of the controversy, as it has been recently conducted, has been the nude in art on the stage, and the nymphs who do give the expression to this art, if they have not convinced the opponents by the skill in the dialectics, have at least impressed them by the fervour and vigour of their advocacy.

SOMEONE, in effect, has aroused their ire. There is the suspicion that it is the English, or the Americans. To leave out the present company of auditors, we shall say it is the Americans. They are the long way off and cannot employ the back-answers. Well, these Americans have asserted that the nudity on the French stage has stripped art so bare that there is not any art left.

TO the great indignation of the *demoiselles* who exercise the nightly rôle to construct the *façades* of flimsiness! So incensed have they been that they have inaugurated the public discussion in the Press, to prove that nudity on the stage does come within the classification of art, and have filled the columns with the serious, and sometimes the saucy, expositions of their philosophy.

IT would be impossible in the limited space at our disposal—(ED.—Who said that?)—to give even a representative selection of the letters which have been indited upon this emotion-creating topic. We must, therefore, be content to quote only the views of Jane Myro and Edmonde de Guy. For the benefit of those readers who are unaware of the qualifications which authorise Jane Myro and Edmonde de Guy to pronounce with unquestionable weight in this controversy between two hemispheres, we may say that they are two of the *demoiselles* whose perfect *formes*, transparently clad,



"To the great indignation of the demoiselles who . . ."

have long since won the approval of the hosts of Parisian spectators.

ONE might even include among the past assemblies of admirers—if it should not seem to take advantage of distance—the considerable numbers of puritanical Americans. But perhaps is it that their excessive susceptibility to the charm of Jane and Edmonde has been attributable to the unfamiliar stimulus of the too numerous bottles of champagne. *N'importe*. We will keep the dread secret of these Americans and listen to the indignant voices of Edmonde and Jane.

MYRO has not the intention to spare the feelings of the critics. She has put down all the attack to be the outcome of the *jalousie*. "The opponents of beauty in the nude," has she declared, "are

"To be found in the first row"

invariably those who have been provided by *La Nature* with the limbs which are not a joy to behold. They are the *mal fichus*."

JANE has cultivated a memory for faces. She has particularly retained in her mind the lineaments of the shocked men who have taken their wives out of the theatre with the loud protestations. Thus does she feel qualified to assert that these are the very men who are to be found in the front rows on many successive nights. It has appeared that these double-dealers had better beware. Jane has gone into the question so thoroughly that one would not be surprised if she should be able to produce the names and addresses. That would be a very terrible *revanche*.

EDMONDE DE GUY is not so rough. She does not carry the war into the camp of the enemy, but does place herself strictly upon the *terrain* of the art. That is what could be expected of Edmonde, whose poses might even be permitted in Philadelphia, Pa. Edmonde says that the whole matter does depend upon whether the spectacle as a whole does present a pleasing picture by the reproduction of some pastoral or ancient tableau. Expressed epigrammatically, "Indency ends where beauty does commence."

"The 'mal fichu' protestant"

AND Edmonde concludes by a reference to the verdict of history. "If Phrynee, before her judges, had not presented an artistic vision, do you think she would have been acquitted?" *Eh bien*, Jane Myro would most certainly reply, "Not if she had been *mal fichu*."

THERE is the clear evidence from the responses of these two fearless beauties that they can quite well defend themselves against their detractors and that they and their companions do not require the assistance from the outsiders. Undoubtedly they shall be able to carry on the contest until the present wave of criticism shall have passed.

THERE is the strange feature that on this occasion the theatre and the novel have been the object of the simultaneous attack. Perhaps is it that the scandal created by the *Garçonne* of Victor Margueritte and *L'Entremetteuse* of Léon Daudet has provoked the movement against the extremities of display on the stage. Yet there is the difference between them, and Edmonde de Guy has skilfully seized upon it when she has insisted on the phrase, "Where beauty does commence." ROLAND

Alluring Holidays in South Africa

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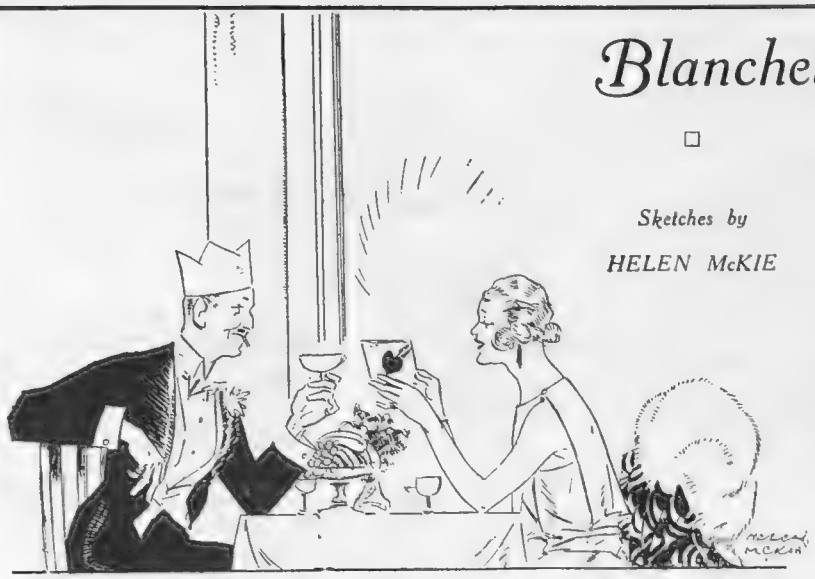
Blanchette on Revivals



Sketches by
HELEN McKIE

"A St. Valentine's Dinner at the Belgravia"

LONDON, *February* 12

DEAR COUSIN—

HAVE been to so many thousands and millions of shows this last week or so. . . . But hush. . . . I promised I'd try and be accurate, and I s'pose that's really just a *bit* of an exagg. But, anyway, what I mean to say is, I *have* been seeing such a variety of plays and all kinds of other entertainments that my head's all-of-a-whirl, so to speak, and I'm just trying hard to extract from 'em all some manner of philosophy of life, if any.

MUST say, on the whole, I do rather prefer the revivals in a sort of a kind of way. There's that new super-film at the Palace, f'rinstance, *The Prisoner of Zenda* by name. Perfectly delightful thing, 'tween you and me. Romance, romance, *toujours* romance. At least, what we *call* romance, these days.

AND then there's that completely wonderful and almost incredible film of dear old Sir Hall Caine's, *The Prodigal Son*, that they gave a favoured few of us a special performance of at Covent Garden the other night. Quite large adventures in that, too, in their own way, though not one-millionth part as picturesque.

LASTED hours and hours, it did, and they all wore unpicturesque modern clothes, and not even the best kind of those—and naturally, too, seeing as how they lived in Iceland, where the year-before-last's fashions don't reach you till the year-after-next, if then. But with all the *longueurs* and all the false sentiment, you somehow felt there, too, that they were, anyway, *trying* to drive at something rather more real than the "jazzaganza" thing they're having at Cov. Gard. all the other nights of the week.

PRIMITIVE, this particular setting is, 'stead of the gorgeous one of the *Prisoner of Zenda*. And yet, somehow, the kind of fundamental *motif* seems to be—odd's it may seem—really very much the same. Love, fighting, and self-sacrifice. Almost unbelievably self-sacrificing, the hero is of this film, Magnus (otherwise Stewart Rome) by name. But he makes us believe in him, and even, almost, in his self-sacrifice. . . . P'raps, after all, the movies may, in the end, do *some* good? I wonder.

"Not much of a restful life"

SAME kind of simple ideas in it, too, about love and death, only even simpler and seriouser. And even in *If Winter Comes*, the play of Mr. Hutchinson's novel that's running at the St. James's, with all its rather slopsome sentiment and unrealities, there are at least hints at "playing the game" and all that sort of thing. Though rather oddly put sometimes . . . and I'm sure if anyone'd suddenly said to *me* without any warning, like Mark Sabre did to Effie, "Effie, do you love God?" afraid I should have felt *much* more inclined to put the oxalic acid into his tea than my own. Wouldn't you?

"Income Tax going up"

HOWEVER, tastes differ, I s'pose. And do b'lieve it gets much more right home to the great heart of the great British public, the play with a *soupçon* of sobstuff in it, I mean, than the brilliantest light, cynical and d'lightfully amusing chat like, f'rinstance, Noel Coward's *The Young Idea* at the Savoy. In which, by the way, there are some lovely and luscious bits (only it's all good), 'specially 'bout hunting people, whom I'm pos'tively certain sure the author must have been staying with quite lately, 'cos of the perfectly fearfully nasty hits he keeps making at 'em.

TELLS us about how their conversation runs in grooves, these "hunting women leaping about on horses," and how in an English hunting county "even immorality is conducted by rules

(Continued on page 412

Judy Knight

THOSE rosy cheeks, bright eyes and that clear skin obtained for this pretty little maiden a first prize in the *Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition for children.

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P.195

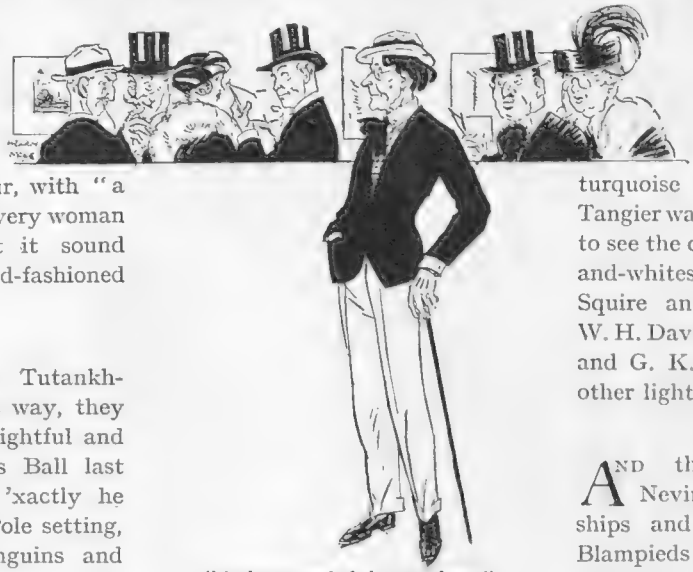
BLANCHETTE ON REVIVALS (*concluded*)

and regulations," and all sorts of bad, bold things like that.

TALKING of revivals, by the way, hear they're actually even going to revive old St. Valentine in some places on his day, which happens this very Wednesday as ever is. And at the Belgravia Restaurant, f'rinstance, there's to be a special dinner and dance in his honour, with "a dainty valentine" for every woman who's there. Doesn't it sound quite too delightfully old-fashioned and intriguing?

REVIVED old King Tutankhamen, too, by the way, they did, at the perfectly d'lightful and wonderful Chelsea Arts Ball last week. Though what 'xactly he was doing in a South Pole setting, with icebergs and penguins and bears and the darlingest real fluffy sleigh dogs and all of it, confess I don't quite know, 'nless it was to add just a topical touch—not that *that's* ever fearfully badly needed at the Chelsea Arts—what! And *rather* lucky, really, it wasn't real ice, 'sidering . . . well, you do see quite a lot of *some* of your friends on these occasions, so to speak.

PARLIAMENT'S meeting again this week, too—which, I s'pose, you might call a revival of a kind also—what? Though not a partic'larly amusing one, I don't expect, 'specially as it's going to include a new Budget, with just as likely as not another bob put on to the Inc. Tax instead of taken off.



"Artists attend their own shows"

AND actually saw some "still-life" pictures by a Miss Henriques—the real, old kind, you know, flowers and a jug and a bunch of grapes and half a lemon and a bit of cheese and that kind of thing—at a show at the Grosvenor Galleries the other day. Where Sir John Lavery was very busy at the private view 'splaining to friends his nice turquoise seas and skies round Tangier way, and lots of people came to see the clever Rothenstein black-and-whites of H. G. Wells, and J. C. Squire and Aldous Huxley, and W. H. Davies (complete with quiff), and G. K. C. and Aug. John, and other lights of literature and art.

AND there's some delightful Nevinsons of bridges and ships and roofs, and country life Blampieds to see at the Leicester Galleries, and another Goossens concert on this week—not much of the quiet-life-and-rest-and-reflection touch observable quite yet in the immediate offing, anyway—what?—With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

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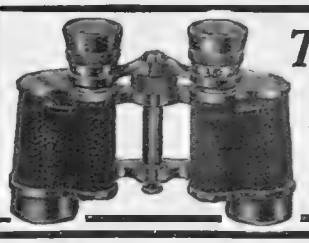

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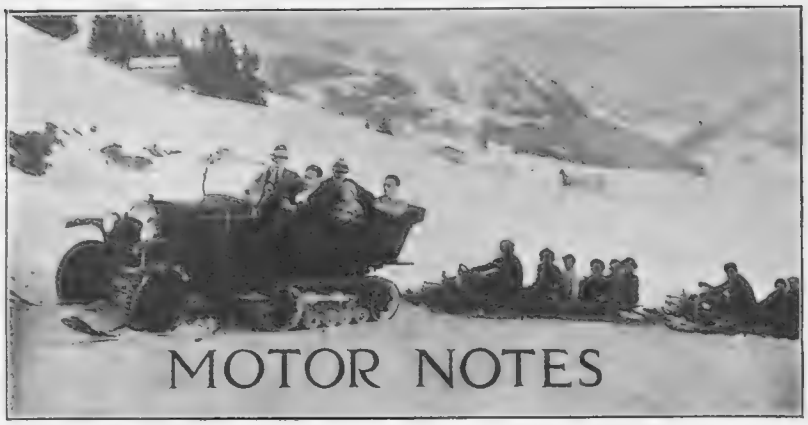
MANY INTERESTING OBJECTS HAVE BEEN FOUND AT LUXOR, BUT THE ABOVE WAS *NOT* AMONG THEM.



Photograph *Photographia, Geneva*

FOR SNOW OR SAND—'TIS ALL THE SAME

A Citroën car, suitably fitted with snow guards and caterpillar wheels, assists a tailing party at Leysin, Switzerland. The caterpillar attachment is similar to that which made possible the recent conquest of the Sahara

IT is marvellous how rumours get abroad with just a substratum of fact that is turned into quite a different thing to the original conception or remark. For instance, the Dodge standard coupé is supplied with interior heating—a nice cosy thing in cold weather—for the ordinary inclusive price. Yet an impression has been conveyed—by whom no one knows, yet it has got broadcasted—that the interior heating is an extra. Now this is not true for the standard car, but when an English-built body is fitted on this Dodge chassis in place of the standard coupé body, a small extra is charged by Messrs. International Motors, Ltd., who distribute the Dodge Brothers cars to Londoners—and other folk. It is funny how tales can be twisted.

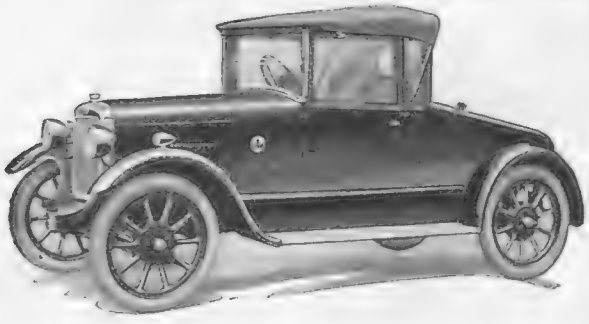
* * *

TROUBLES seem to be the last thing that can happen to owners of either the 18 h.p. or the 30 h.p. six-cylinder Armstrong-Siddeley cars, judging by the recently issued little booklet which tells the story of "25,000 miles in 57 days" that these cars covered in two remarkable trials under the R.A.C. last year. Both the 18 h.p. and the 30 h.p. ran 450 miles every twenty-four hours, Sundays excepted. The 18 h.p. completed 10,000 in twenty-three days, and was awarded the Dewar Trophy for the best performance in the year, while the 30 h.p. travelled 15,000 miles in thirty-four days, and would possibly have lifted the cup from its brother car, had the award not been made before it had completed its trial. The 18 h.p. was an open touring car, while the 30 h.p. had an interior drive limousine body, which I know is jolly comfortable, as I drove from Coventry to Glasgow in the identical vehicle the other day, and it is still untouched since its trial as regards engine, bits, and pieces. The booklet is a nice reminder of the wonderful performance of two extra-special no-trouble runs. The 30 h.p. had no adjustments made whatever, yet attained a speed of 62.83 miles an hour at Brooklands after this long test. The fuel consumption was 21.2 miles per gallon and the oil equal to 6,667 miles per gallon, while the tyres travelled the full distance except one that was punctured, and so was temporarily removed for 694 miles, and then put on again. As for the 18 h.p., it ran on 24.64 miles to the gallon of fuel and 13,347 miles per gallon of oil, and, except for a puncture or so, on the same tyres. Sound service, my masters, at present prices.

* * *

IT is somewhat amusing to see my old friend, Mr. J. S. Critchley trying to solve the old, old problem

(Continued on page 416)



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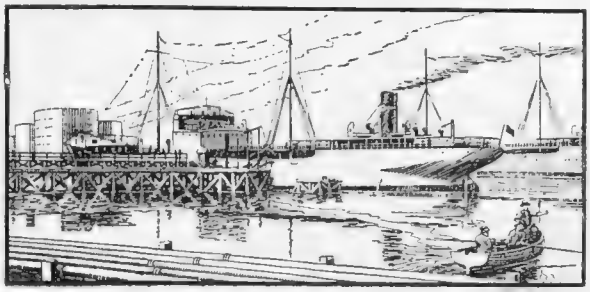

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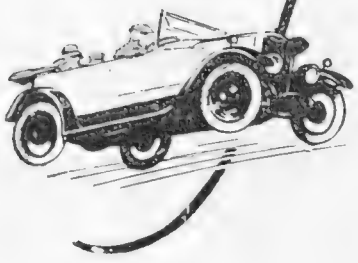

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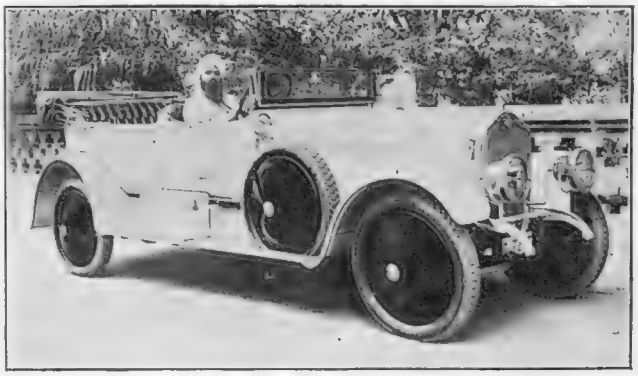
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

"How many cars do British factories build or sell each year?" At present it is nearly all guess work, as though now we have certain figures furnished by the Board of Trade and Ministry of Transport they never give the details really wanted, and our British manufacturers, except in a few instances, will never furnish the actual cars made or sold. The only facts we do get are that 21,493 cars and chassis were imported into England, so it is possible to measure the strength of the opposition to the home factories. But this is only a part of it, as both Ford and the Willys-Overland import a vast quantity of parts which are assembled here into complete vehicles. Rumour says, how true it is I know not, that 21,000 Fords were made in England last year. This alone is nearly equal to the number of the imported vehicles, and I am fairly certain that no other maker in England made more than 7,000 cars in that period, and only one firm approached that total or near it. And never have the roads been occupied by so many old and ancient motor-cars as there are to be seen on them any day you choose to pick upon! Some day, of course, they will have to be relegated to the scrap-heap, but so far on they go giving useful service to their owners. As for imagining that 75,000 cars will be produced in England and Scotland this year, and a market found for them, it is too good to be true. I wish it was with all my heart, as there would be no long faces in the motor trade under such conditions. No, sir, if Great Britain can make and sell 40,000 cars per annum she will have done better than she did in 1922.



A CHIEFTAIN AT THE WHEEL
The Sirdar Jatindra Singh Sahib of Aira in his new 20 h.p. Wolseley car

DURING the year 1922 over £4,000,000 worth of rubber tyres of all kinds were imported into England. No wonder British tyre-makers are urging the Government to place an import duty of 33⅓ per cent. *ad valorem* on imported tyres. The makers of commercial goods-carrying motor vehicles also are asking the Government to place a similar duty on imported business vehicles, as they do not see that it is fair that their business should be an "open-door," whereas every other country is "closed" by reason of a tariff against them. I wonder if the Labour Party realise that by supporting this movement they may benefit the working people who are now unemployed?

* * *

RECENTLY I read in an advertisement that certain firms are prepared to sell cars to the public on the deferred purchase or instalment system "with strict privacy." It made me wonder what the other fellows do in the same kind of business. Do they shout about, "Oh! I sold Mr. So-and-So a dash car yesterday on a bit down and the rest monthly"? What do they do that privacy is so wonderful? Not that the purchaser would mind, I don't suppose, if it was shrieked from the house-tops that he was paying for his car by instalments. Everybody is hard-up nowadays, and no one thinks the less of anyone for that complaint. My wonder is how people can afford to buy anything when I look at the Income Tax demand note.

OLD HY.

Those good old times.

Whatever other good fortune may have attended those frequenting Fleet Street in the good old days, there was no

"Red Tape" REG?
The Whisky

for their delectation. The present generation are much better off, for, whosoever knows its eminently good qualities, adheres to "Red Tape" wherever option permits—Why?

Sole Proprietors:
BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS.,
68 BATH STREET, GLASGOW

THE
BYSTANDER

No. 1,002.—Vol. LXXVII. Wednesday, February 14, 1923 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: Gerrard 36.
Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

HAMPTON & SONS,
20, ST. JAMES' SQUARE, S.W.1.

Branch Office: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W. 19.
Telephone: Wimbledon 80.

One of the finest positions in the
ISLE OF WIGHT.

100 ft. above sea level, with grounds to and magnificent views of the Solent.

YACHT ANCHORAGE. PRIVATE LANDING STAGE.

NEAR COWES AND RYDE.—For SALE, FREEHOLD, a singularly Attractive MODERN RESIDENCE, upon which during 1922 a considerable sum was judiciously expended, and now in excellent order throughout. It is beautifully set in well-timbered grounds of about 7 ACRES, has carriage drive, and contains: lounge hall, 3 reception and 8 bed and dressing rooms, room large enough for billiards, bath, servants' hall, etc.

Superior Cottage. Bungalow. Garage. Stabling. Boathouse. Bathing Hut.

REMARKABLY PRETTY GROUNDS, inexpensive to maintain, tennis lawn, orchard, kitchen garden, etc.

A Property of an unique type offered at a very MODERATE PRICE.

Full particulars of
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (H.27862)

NEAR BATH.

Trout Fishing. Golf. Shooting. Hunting, Etc.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, picturesque old RESIDENCE, in Tudor style, with old grounds of about 4 ACRES.

Panelled hall, dining room with old fireplace and beams, drawing-room with Adam fireplace, 7 bed and dressing rooms, sitting or bedroom with oak beams, bathroom, offices,

GARAGE. STABLING. 2 COTTAGES.

TENNIS LAWN. WALLED GARDENS, ETC.

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (W.38310)

PETERSFIELD AND LIPHOOK
(Between).

430 FEET ABOVE SEA. BEAUTIFUL VIEWS.

CENTRAL HEATING. CO.'S WATER. LIGHTING.

3 reception rooms, lounge, 3 bathrooms, 10 bedrooms, servants' sitting room, etc.

GARAGE. STABLING. COTTAGE.

Well-timbered Grounds. Nuttery, copse, and pastureland, in all 32 ACRES, or with 6½ ACRES.

QUICK SALE DESIRED.

Agents,
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. H.32225)

WALLINGTON, SURREY.

About 10 min. walk from the Station.

Centrally situate to various Golf Courses, including Walton Heath.

THE ARTISTIC AND WELL-BUILT MODERN FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, "THE BURRS," BOUNDARY ROAD, one of the best parts of this favourite and accessible locality. Equipped with labour-saving devices: 6 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 2 reception rooms, and loggia. Offices. Garage. Summer and glasshouses.

Delightful garden, with crazy paved walks, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, etc.

No Valuations. CO.'S GAS AND WATER. ELECTRIC LIGHT. Dry soil.

VACANT POSSESSION.

To be SOLD, by AUCTION, at the St. James' Estate Rooms, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1, on Tuesday, 20th March, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously Sold).

Solicitors, EDRIDGE, SON and MARTEN, 4, High Street, Croydon.

Particulars and Conditions of Sale from the Auctioneers,
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1

ESSEX.

About 7 miles from Southend; 6 minutes from Station.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, a very attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, on high ground, containing (on 2 floors only): hall, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, servants' sitting room and offices.

CO.'S WATER AND GAS. MODERN DRAINAGE.

Stabling, large and small coachhouses, and buildings; excellent cottage; grounds about 2 ACRES, enclosed by wall with kitchen and flower gardens, orchard, vinery, etc.; golf 1 mile; pleasant position on outskirts of a town.

Price on application to—
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (M.1885)

HERTS, TOTTERIDGE.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD.

A Fine Modern House with every convenience. 400 FT. ABOVE SEA.

SOUTH ASPECT.

Close to 18-hole Links.

A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY RESIDENCE and 9 ACRES in lovely situation, and containing: spacious rooms and every convenience, oak-panelled hall, 2 reception, fine oak-panelled billiard room, 10 or 11 bedrooms, 3 baths; garage and 2 cottages.

WELL LAID-OUT GROUNDS, tennis, and other lawns, kitchen garden, paddock, etc.

Highly recommended by Sole Agents,
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (R.505)

HIGH ON SANDY SOIL.
BERKS, ASCOT.

Facing Golf Course.

FOR SALE. IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE, beautifully situated in charming grounds, approached from private road: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths, 3 reception rooms, servants' hall, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. CO.'S WATER. TELEPHONE.

Capital stabling and garage. Men's rooms.

Well-timbered grounds. Tennis lawn, shrubbery, good flower and kitchen gardens, in all 3 ACRES.

Personally inspected and strongly recommended.
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1. (B.23679)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephones: { Western 1 (85 lines). Byfleet 149.

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.: and Byfleet. AUCTIONEERS

HANTS, BERKS, AND SURREY BORDERS.

SINGULARLY ATTRACTIVE "NEWTON" RESIDENCE. Just over the hour from Town, about 1½ miles from a station, in a much-sought-after locality: lounge hall, 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms and usual offices.

MODERN DRAINAGE. ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING.

Dairy, cowhouse, etc. Stabling and garage. Excellent cottage if desired.

Well-matured pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, productive kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, and meadowland, in all about 30 ACRES.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £7,000.

Inspected and strongly recommended.
—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

COUNTRY COTTAGE, WITH BEAUTIFUL GARDEN.

AMERSHAM (near).—550 ft. up, 25 miles from Town: hall, 3 reception, music room, 5 bedrooms, bathroom and offices.

CO.'S WATER. TELEPHONE.

Small farmery with old oak barns and outbuildings; exceptionally delightful old-world grounds, quite inexpensive to maintain, and including tennis and croquet lawn, herbaceous borders, pergolas, formal gardens, intersected by brick paths, and productive kitchen garden, in all about 2¼ ACRES.

FREEHOLD OR OFFER.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

1 MILE FROM BROMLEY

Town and Station and near good golf courses. Delightful situation.

FREEHOLD BARGAIN (READY FOR IMMEDIATE OCCUPATION).

EXCEEDINGLY FINE UP-TO-DATE RESIDENCE, substantially built and beautifully appointed, containing: lounge hall, billiard and 3 reception rooms (all parquet floors), 2 bathrooms, 10 bedrooms and offices. ELECTRIC LIGHT. GAS. CENTRAL HEATING. TELEPHONE. Etc.

Garage, stabling; beautiful matured pleasure garden, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, with glasshouse, orchard, in all about 2½ ACRES.

GREATLY REDUCED PRICE OF £4,000 WILL BE TAKEN.

MUST BE SOLD. OWNER GOING ABROAD.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

By Order of Executors.

TWICKENHAM.

Splendid Modern Residence. Excellent train service.

PRICE. FREEHOLD. £2,500 or near Offer.

Within 5 minutes of railway station and close to first-class shopping centre.

VERY DESIRABLE FREEHOLD DETACHED RESIDENCE, situate in a private road, well secluded, and containing: hall, 4 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and usual offices.

Room for garage. Outbuildings.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. GAS. MAIN DRAINAGE. CO.'S WATER.

Attractive pleasure grounds, comprising ornamental lawns, flower beds and borders, sunk lily pond, productive kitchen garden.

Sole agents
—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

WALES (NORTH COAST OF).

Within 5 minutes of Rhyl Station, Golf Links and Sea.

WELL-APPOINTED AND SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT RESIDENCE, occupying an unique position in this favourite part, practically adjoining good golf course, and standing in its own delightful walled-in grounds of about 2 ACRES: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 good attic rooms, boxroom and excellent domestic offices.

CO.'S WATER. MAIN DRAINAGE. ELECTRIC LIGHT AND GAS.

Good heating arrangements. Stabling. Coachhouse. Laundry.

CHARMING SECLUDED GROUNDS are all walled in, and include tennis lawn, flower gardens, kitchen garden, and good paddock.

PRICE £4,650.

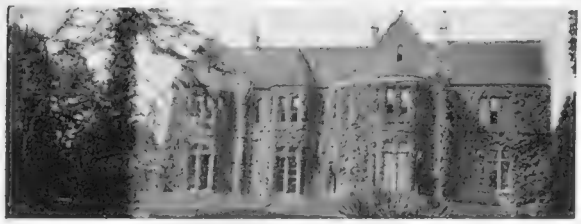
—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

Auctioneers, Land Agents, and Surveyors.

CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, W.1, AND STOW-ON-THE-WOLD, GLOS.

Telephone { Grosvenor 1427 ,, 2716
Telegrams: "Audconsian, Audley, London."



GRAND YACHTING FACILITIES.

THIS DELIGHTFULLY PLACED RESIDENCE, "RAVENSWOOD," HAMBLE, with beautiful grounds sloping to the River, approached by drive: lounge, billiard, 3 reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and well-fitted offices. ELECTRIC LIGHT. TELEPHONE. Stabling. Garage. 2 cottages. Commodious yacht-house. Pleasure grounds, fruit and vegetable garden, paddock and woods, extending to about 16 ACRES.

For SALE, Privately or by Auction, at the Mart, 155, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., on Wednesday, 21st February next.

Particulars and conditions of sale from G. MILMAN SMERDON, Solicitor, 150, Southampton Row, W.C.1, or from the Auctioneers, CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

Within a short distance of the SUSSEX COAST.
High up, commanding grand views.

THE STONE-BUILT FREEHOLD RESIDENCE known as "HAZELHURST," ORE, containing: lounge hall, billiard and 3 reception, 8 principal bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and capital servants' accommodation. PERFECTLY FITTED AND IN EXCELLENT ORDER. MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS AND WATER. CENTRAL HEATING. TELEPHONE. Stabling. Garage. Men's rooms. 2 cottages. Charming gardens with paddock, orchard, and woodland, in all 12½ ACRES.

For SALE, Privately or by Auction, at the Mart, 155, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., on Wednesday, 21st March next.

Particulars and conditions of sale from Messrs. HALL, MARSHALL and SEWART, Solicitors, 49, North Road, Lancaster, or from the Auctioneers, CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD TUDOR COTTAGE, situated on the outskirts of village in the lovely Dorking District. Containing: hall, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, 4 bedrooms and usual offices.

FULL OF OLD BEAMS AND INTERESTING FEATURES.

MAIN WATER. SEPARATE HOT WATER SYSTEM.

CHARMING GARDEN INCLUDING LAWNS, ROSE GARDEN, ETC., EXTENDING TO ABOUT 1 ACRE.

EXCELLENT SOCIAL DISTRICT. NEAR GOLF.

Full details from the Sole Agents, CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

Lighting & Cooking for the Country Home

The "Silverlite"
Works with Petrol.

A generator starting and stopping automatically, and so simple that it can be attended to by a maid.

NON POISONOUS
NON EXPLOSIVE

Ensure a cheap and constant supply of pure gas—The "Silverlite." THE machine with the highest name for reliability and wonderful economy

Anyone dissatisfied with their lighting consult

SPENSERS

The Lighting Experts,
6B, LONDON STREET, LONDON, W.2
(Opposite Great Western Rly. Station),
And at 119B, George St., Edinburgh

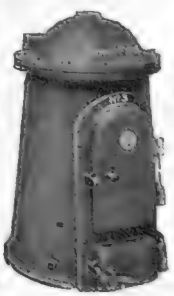
STEAMING HOT WATER ALWAYS

A hot bath whenever you want it, and hot water for washing up or scouring at any time; this is the result of installing one of these modern fuel-saving hot water systems which consume but a very small quantity of fuel when compared with the costly range boiler.

Batheater APPARATUS

This splendid installation, combining boiler and hot water storage tank, needs very little attention. One stoking is sufficient for many hours, and it eats up far less fuel than the old-fashioned kitchen range—a method now antiquated for water-heating systems. If a range boiler is already fixed, and requires replacing our

Bonfire BOILER



without cylinder, can be used with equal success and connected to existing pipes. *Write for full particulars and name of nearest stockist.*

JONES & ATTWOOD LTD.,
TITAN BOILER WORKS,
STOURBRIDGE.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

THE NATIONAL PROVINCIAL AND UNION BANK OF ENGLAND, LIMITED

Head Office: 15, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C. 2.

Authorised Capital	**£60,000,000**
Subscribed Capital	**£43,447,080**
Paid-up Capital	**£9,309,416**
Reserve Fund	**£9,000,000**

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LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, *31st December, 1922.*

	£	s.	d.
PAID-UP CAPITAL	9,309,416	0	0
RESERVE FUND	9,000,000	0	0
CURRENT, DEPOSIT and other ACCOUNTS, including rebate on Bills not due, provisions for bad and doubtful debts, pension fund, contingencies, &c.	263,037,482	15	10
ACCEPTANCES, ENDORSEMENTS, &c.	7,909,281	14	6
BALANCE OF PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT carried forward to 1923	931,974	11	2
	£290,188,155	1	6

	£	s.	d.
Cash in hand, at Call and Short Notice	55,513,679	7	8
BILLS DISCOUNTED, including Treasury Bills	45,581,858	7	5
INVESTMENTS:—			
British Government Securities	43,175,446 10 1		
Other Securities	12,142,458 14 2		
	55,317,905	4	3
LOANS, &c.	121,752,907	16	6
BANK PREMISES	4,112,522	11	2
LIABILITY OF CUSTOMERS FOR ACCEPTANCES, &c., as per Contra	7,909,281	14	6
	£290,188,155	1	6

M. O. FITZGERALD, F. C. LE MARCHANT, FELIX O. SCHUSTER, } *Directors.*
A. E. LEWIS, A. McCLELLAND, E. CORNWALL. } *Joint General Managers.*

As certified by the Auditors, William Barclay Peat and Nicholas Edwin Waterhouse.

OVER ONE THOUSAND OFFICES in ENGLAND AND WALES.
Agents in all parts of the World.
BRITISH, COLONIAL and FOREIGN BANKING.

TRUSTEESHIPS AND EXECUTORSHIPS UNDERTAKEN.

COUTTS & CO., Established 1692, is affiliated with this Bank.

Auxiliary:

LLOYDS & NATIONAL PROVINCIAL FOREIGN BANK, LIMITED.

CARTERS LTD.

By Appointment

Baby Carriages

of

Refinement,
Distinction,
Charm, and
Durability.

Please write for

BOOK No. 17

Containing a comprehensive exhibit of Dainty Photographs.

(Established over 70 Years.)

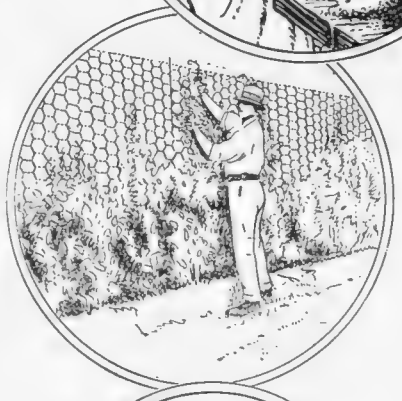
125-129 Gt. Portland St. London, W.1.

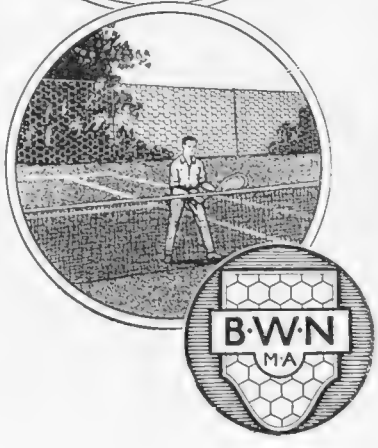
DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.





PRIZES
for users of
Wire Netting

EVERY day we hear of new uses for wire netting. Everybody finds some use for it. It costs so little and goes so far. It needs no painting, but it doesn't rust. It needs no straining, but it doesn't sag. As long as it has a post or two to stick to, it keeps on doing its job, whether that job is keeping rabbits out of mischief or holding up the plaster on the kitchen wall.

Wire netting, being so handy and dependable, comes in for all sorts of jobs. Not only the plasterer finds it makes a good key, but the tennis club secretary finds it makes the best stop net. In one size it lets air and light into the chicken run; in another it keeps the rats out of the food store.

We are continually hearing of new and ingenious uses for it, but there must be many others that never reach us. We want to hear about them also.

If you are one of these ingenious people and have applied Wire Netting to some uncommon use, write and tell us about it, and if you happen to have a photograph to illustrate it, send that along, too. We will give prizes for the best replies.

FIRST PRIZE £25 — *TEN prizes of £5*, *25 prizes of £1*

Write clearly. Use only one side of the paper. Photographs or drawings will be returned if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope. The competition is open to all, and will remain open until Feb. 28th, 1923.

Replies will be judged by the Management, and their decision will be final. The Management reserve the right to publish or otherwise use any entry received.

Replies must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Secretary,

The BRITISH WIRE NETTING MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCN.
123 Colmore Row, Birmingham.

British Wire Netting

The only satisfactory Fire for a Boudoir is a Gas Fire

BECAUSE delicate hangings and furniture should not be exposed to the smuts and dirt which always accompany the burning of a coal fire.

Because a boudoir is necessarily an occasional room, required for odd moments of waiting, a brief rest before dressing, or a quiet hour's writing.

Such occasions arise suddenly and it is more than convenient to be able to enjoy in a few moments the radiant warmth of a cheerful fire without trouble in lighting or a tiresome wait for the fire to burn up.

A gas fire does not involve extra work for a small household staff.

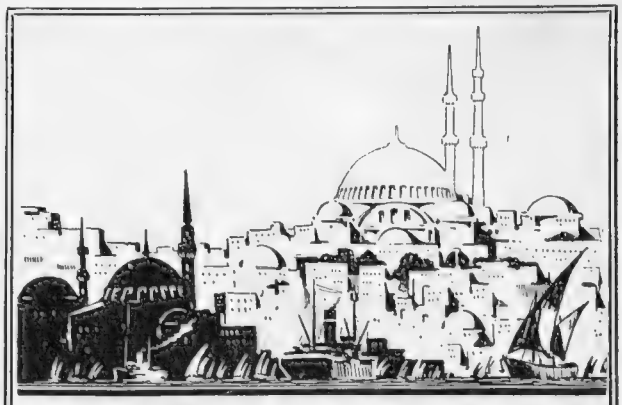
Since the gas can be turned out the moment its heat is no longer needed, the economy of a gas fire in a boudoir can be readily appreciated.

A modern gas fire of a design which harmonises with the general scheme of decoration adds greatly to the beauty of the room.

THE MODERN GAS FIRE
IS THE CLEAN, EVER-READY, ECONOMICAL FIRE

All who value convenience, comfort and economy in their homes should write for an illustrated brochure entitled, "Woman in her Home."

The BRITISH COMMERCIAL GAS ASSOCIATION
30 GROSVENOR GARDENS, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1



A Product of Fine Skill working on exquisite material

MATINÉE

Highest Grade
TURKISH CIGARETTES

Size 3 in Decorated Tins of 100-9/11; 50-5/1; 25-2/6

For Smokers of Cultured Taste who appreciate Refinement

Diplomat VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

In Artistic Boxes of 25-2/-; 50-4/-; 100-8/-

Blended and Manufactured from the Choicest Growths
ALLAN RAMSAY
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. 260

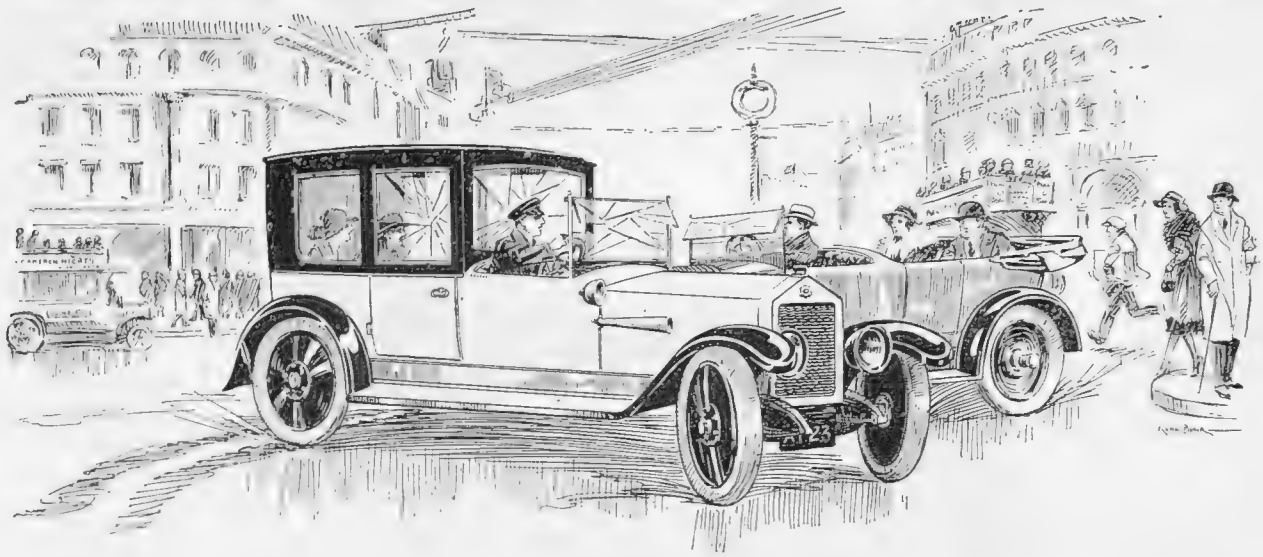
HAIR— effectively and neatly controlled

NO matter how unruly and troublesome your hair may be, ANZORA will surely control it and keep it in position throughout the day. ANZORA is delicately perfumed and will not injure the hair roots. For those who have a greasy scalp ANZORA CREAM is suitable, and ANZORA VIOLA is recommended for dry scalps. Sold by Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles.

Refuse all substitutes.

ANZORA
MASTERS THE HAIR

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., Ltd., Willesden Lane, London, N.W. 6.



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Quotations for Triplex Glass (screens and windows) for all other makes on application.

"YOU CANNOT INSURE AGAINST ACCIDENTS."

The greasy surface of the roads leads to many unavoidable accidents, from which statistics prove that the majority of personal injuries are due to broken and flying glass. Protect your wife, children and driver.

BE WISE IN TIME.

Fit TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS, which *cannot splinter or fly* even under the severest shock.

Fitted by all coachbuilders and garages, we supply ready in 48 hours.

Write for List and full particulars to Dept. "B."

Also TRIPLEX Goggles and Optical Lenses from all Opticians and Stores.

Triplex Safety Glass
CANNOT SPLINTER
CO. LTD
1 ALBEMARLE ST. PICCADILLY LONDON W.1.

Kennington Service.

Vauxhall
THE CAR OF SUPERIOR QUALITY

Prices: 23-60 h.p. Kington 5-seater **£895**, Arundel all-weather **£1145**, Warwick landaulette **£1195**, 14 h.p. Princeton 4-seater **£595**, Melton 2-seater **£595**, Welbeck all-weather **£745**. These and other bodies described in the catalogue.

Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPERLATIVE

Illustrating the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall - Carlton Pullman, with four doors, and arranged to be used either for owner or chauffeur driving as desired, by means of the dropping dividing window. To seat six or seven. Price complete - **£1270**

VAUXHALL

The perfectly-balanced engine of four cylinders

WHEN a four-cylindered engine is perfectly balanced it runs as smoothly as one with six cylinders. Thanks to British inventiveness you can have in the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall (which is fitted with the harmonic balancer invented by Dr. F. W. Lanchester, F.R.S., M.Inst.C.E.), an engine of four cylinders that does run with positive smoothness. This is an important matter to users of high-powered cars.

THEY are offered a machine of the quality they desire at an extraordinarily low price, because so much is saved in manufacturing cost, with the further advantages of lower running expenses, more body room and simpler mechanism. The price of the 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall chassis is but £695. Full particulars are given in our catalogue, and trial drives may be had by appointment.

VAUXHALL MOTORS LIMITED, LUTON, BEDFORDSHIRE
Telephone: Luton 466 (4 lines) Telegrams: Carvaux Luton
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F. 2

LONDON COUNTY WESTMINSTER & PARR'S BANK LTD.

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

Head Office: 41, LOTHBURY, E.C.2.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL ... **£33,000,000.**

PAID-UP CAPITAL ... **£9,003,718** | RESERVE **£9,003,718**

WALTER LEAF, *Chairman.*

SIR MONTAGU CORNISH TURNER and ROBERT HUGH TENNANT, *Deputy Chairmen.*

JOHN RAE, *Chief General Manager.*

BALANCE SHEET, 31st DECEMBER, 1922.

LIABILITIES.

		£ s. d.
Capital—		
Authorized	£33,000,000	
1,414,198 Shares of £20 each, £5 paid	£7,070,990 0 0	
1,932,728 Shares of £1 each, fully paid	1,932,728 0 0	
		9,003,718 0 0
Reserve		9,003,718 0 0
Current Deposit and other Accounts, including provision for Contingencies		280,820,291 16 3
Notes in Circulation in the Isle of Man		14,316 0 0
Acceptances, Endorsements, etc.		9,923,238 7 9
Rebate on Bills not due		262,325 10 9
PROFIT AND LOSS.		
Net Profit for the year, including £519,708 5s. 0d. brought from year 1921	£2,407,729 11 2	
From this the following appropriations have been made:—		
Interim Dividends (less Income Tax) paid in August last ..	600,223 10 2	
Bank Premises Account	200,000 0 0	
Rebuilding Account	150,000 0 0	
Contingent Fund	300,000 0 0	
Final Dividends (less Income Tax) payable 1st February		620,920 17 6
Leaving a Balance to carry forward		536,585 3 5
		£310,185,113 15 8

ASSETS.

		£ s. d.
Coin, Bank and Currency Notes and Balances with the Bank of England		32,031,272 17 2
Balances with, and Cheques in course of collection on, other Banks in the United Kingdom		10,469,741 4 0
Money at Call and Short Notice		19,816,166 9 8
Bills Discounted		69,327,504 15 5
Investments—		
War Loans and other Securities of, or guaranteed by, the British Government (of which £1,203,677 is lodged for Public Accounts, and for the Note issue in the Isle of Man)	52,795,660 11 8	
Colonial Government Securities, British Corporation Stocks, British Railway Debenture Stocks and other investments	2,598,500 4 9	
		55,394,160 16 5
London County Westminster and Parr's Foreign Bank Limited 8,000 £20 Shares fully paid } 92,000 £20 Shares, £10 paid }	1,080,000 0 0	
Ulster Bank, Limited— 199,881 £15 Shares, £2 10s. paid	1,911,362 1 3	
		2,991,362 1 3
Advances to Customers and other Accounts		106,326,009 3 10
Liability of Customers for Acceptances, Endorsements, etc., as per contra		9,923,238 7 9
Bank and other Premises (at cost, less amounts written off)		3,905,658 0 2
		£310,185,113 15 8

WALTER LEAF,
M. C. TURNER,
R. HUGH TENNANT } *Directors.*

JOHN RAE, *Chief General Manager.*
J. E. JACKSON, *Chief Accountant.*

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We have examined the above Balance Sheet and compared it with the Books at Lothbury, Lombard Street and Bartholomew Lane, and with the Certified Returns received from the Branches.

We have verified the Cash in hand and Bills Discounted at Lothbury, Lombard Street and Bartholomew Lane, and the Cash at the Bank of England.

We have examined the Securities held against Money at Call and Short Notice, and have verified the Investments of the Bank.

We have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, and in our opinion the Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books of the Company.

TURQUAND, YOUNGS & CO.,
KEMP, CHATTERIS, NICHOLS, SENDELL & CO.,
PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.,
STEAD, TAYLOR & STEAD, } *Chartered Accountants. Auditors.*

LONDON, *16th January*, 1923.

ROYAL HOLLAND LLOYD

SOUTHAMPTON - CHERBOURG
LAS PALMAS
BRAZIL - RIVER - PLATE
VIA
SPAIN - PORTUGAL

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60 HAYMARKET S.W.1, LONDON.

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That's all you pay to ride it away

WHY wait until you have saved up the full price of a Rudge, when you can become the owner of one *to-day* for a first payment of £16 8s. 9d.

Write now for the Rudge Motor Bicycle Catalogue, which contains particulars, to

Rudge-Whitworth Ltd., Dept. (261), COVENTRY,
or Dept. (261), 230, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1
Agents everywhere.

Rudge

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Early Spring Tailor-Mades

ALWAYS and ever the first spring love of the really well-dressed woman, the tailor-made suit, and its close contemporary, the three-piece costume, are both flourishing to a marked extent this year.

Given either one or the other, really well made and cut, the owner is equipped for practically all day vicissitudes. The most severe of coats and skirts, supplemented by a *chic* waistcoat or dainty frilled blouse, and something especially smart and preferably gay-coloured in the way of a small hat, represent attire that is accepted everywhere as absolutely right, from a serious morning shopping expedition, via a luncheon party to afternoon calling. And the three-piece, in its way, is equally as amenable, while at the same time lending itself to more extravagant expression in the way of material and decoration, although for the mid-season this will be quiet and demure rather than ornate.

Modes at Moderate Prices

EVER among the first to set their establishment in spring order for their large *clientèle* are Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. These people have such wonderfully keen perceptions that they always seem to supply just exactly what is needed at the right psychological moment. Their stock, too, is so prodigious that there is choice for every taste and purse.

Thus, in the costume department, one can indulge in a costly French model or some inexpensive little suit at 8½ guineas. The latter, by the way, are exceptional value, as they are built of gabardine, the coats slightly drawn in by a deep hip band, stitched braid in tone, and lined with lovely, soft, printed crêpe de Chine, and there is quite a long range of colours.

Equally reasonable is the three-piece suit depicted, at 12½ guineas. The actual model sketched was a hearthstone grey gabardine, the slip-on frock having the severity of the front broken by a short apron, which is really a *volant*. The waist girdle is of the self material stitched with silk in tone, to match the *chic* little coatee similarly stitched to effect a check design, an ornamentation, however, that ceases below the bend of the shoulder, so that when the collar is adjusted high and closed about the throat, a line of plain material is carried from top to edge of the front.

A more excellent or distinctive spring model it would be impossible to find, and it is likewise run through a fashionable range of neutral tones, including the popular beaver. Very desirable, too, is a dark blue three-piece, a copy of an Agnes model, trimmed with *motifs* of narrow black military braid, the soft *dégagé* coat held to the figure by a heavy plaited belt of blue and rose colour. In skilfully mingled tones of dark blue and copper shades is a coat fashioned in one of the new woven materials featuring Eastern hand embroidery. This has a deep hem, cuffs and collar of navy blue to form a connecting link with the plain skirt. And these are but a handful picked out of a plethora of choice to be found at Wigmore Street.

A THREE-PIECE COSTUME

This model, from Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, is of hearthstone-grey gabardine with the coat ornamented by silk stitching in tone to effect a check design, which is repeated on the girdle worn with an all-in-one frock

A TRANSFORMATION

Sketched at The Universal Hair Company, Berner's Street, Oxford Street, W.

Transformations and Toupets

WITH a reputation of no fewer than twenty-eight years standing, we may take it the Universal Hair Company know their work inside out, and this of a fact they do. Their speciality is *postiche* work of an exceedingly high quality, ranging from incidental pin and wave curls to full transformations, and their particular triumph a transformation from 6 guineas, according to the length of the parting, with slightly higher charges for grey or any peculiar light-coloured hair. This very complete extraneous hair fitment is worked on an invisible and ingeniously shaped net foundation with ear points, and is fitted accurately to the wearer's head, so that it is quite undetectable.

Then, in addition to the fine *postiche* work, the company only use the best quality hair, and brushed, combed and properly cared for, their transformations wear splendidly, and are, furthermore, done up at a quite ridiculously small charge.

There are 16-inch switches, for example, from 5*s.* 9*d.*, and pin curls from 3*s.* 9*d.*, all of which can be seen and discussed with the Manageress at 1, Berner's Street, Oxford Street, which is the West End branch of the parent house, 80, 84, Foxberry Road, Brockley, where all the work is carried out, for the company are working *posticheurs*, without shops and elaborate show-rooms to run away with the profits, hence the extraordinarily reasonable prices.

LORD KITCHENER'S HOME

Broome Park, Lord Kitchener's famous seat at Canterbury, dates from the early part of the 17th century. For years the late Field-Marshal's sole relaxation was the beautifying and upkeep of his lovely home, and to-day it stands, not only as a beautiful country seat with a history, but as a very up-to-date modernised residence. Messrs. Bovis Ltd., of Upper Berkeley Street, by whose courtesy we publish the photograph, are offering to let it furnished

The "Jigger"

In these times, when safety razors, like *artifex* and *opifex* of our Latin grammar days, are common to either sex, anything which makes use of the discarded razor blade and saves the dangerous dumps of old blades in bathroom and boudoir, is a much-longed-for boon. And such is the "Jigger" combination knife, a real *fidus Achates* for man and woman, and as intriguing as its name. A clamp for the razor blade, a holder which folds into pocket size, and you have a knife, crown cork opener, cigar-cutter (if you *must* cut your cigars !), nail file, and a hundred and one—or, at any rate, twenty—tools in one, all for the modest sum of 3*s.*

The Megrims of Yesterday and To-Day

Our late and unlamented friend, the Victorian maiden, was noted for her facility for fainting, the faint varying inversely with the seriousness of the cause. To-day, her hardier descendant—the Victorian maiden aforesaid has, of course, been properly married !—also faints sometimes, but it is due to sterner causes, the wear and tear of factory and office, the hurry and bustle of modern existence. This reason alone will explain why the handy little half-crown flasks of "4711" Eau de Cologne have sold in thousands, and why they are regarded all the world over as a real boon. Apart from its use in cases of faints and headaches, the scent is invaluable for the toilet-table, and as only the very best materials are used in its manufacture it rightly takes its place among perfumes of the highest class.

The famous "4711" Eau de Cologne

Personalities at Las Palmas

As at St. Moritz, Cannes, and places nearer home, the Las Palmas season is in full swing. Among those who have recently migrated, swallow-like, to sunnier climes are Sir Talbot and Lady Scarisbrick, Sir George and Lady Carter, Major and Mrs. R. Lloyd George, Mr. and Mrs. G. Cunard, and quite a number of M.P.s and their wives, including Major and Mrs. G. Lloyd George and Captain and Mrs. R. C. Berkeley, all of whom are loud in their praise of the very up-to-date and comfortable steamship service which the Royal Holland Lloyd Line maintain between Europe and the Canaries.

No germ can get a hold on your system if you are really and truly well nourished.
YOU ARE NOW IN THE "DANGER MONTHS"

BUILD UP ON

ROBOLEINE

Prescribed by doctors for 15 years.

What is Roboleine? Simply the essence of Red Marrow, "Cream of Malt," Egg Yolk and Neutralised Lemon Juice. Doctors use it. The great sanatoria use it. Invalids at the Winter Spas are "Building up" on it.

Patent medicines and tonics are of necessity ephemeral in effect. Think of this: You can only get a glowing mass of fire by feeding the grate with good fuel. Just the same in the human body:

2/- 3/6 & 6/-

You must BUILD UP—ON

ROBOLEINE

IF you are well, Roboleine will keep you well—so that no disease germs can live in your healthy body. If you dread the "danger months"—February and March—from past experience, start NOW with Roboleine and you will withstand that sudden change from soft dry weather to wet and the dread East wind—the change that always makes the doctors busy.

Do not take our word alone. Please ask your doctor: on his reply take action. Then you can buy your Roboleine sure in mind that you are investing in a sound food which WILL build you up.

YOUR CHEMIST HAS ROBOLEINE OR CAN GET IT FOR YOU QUICKLY. ASK HIM

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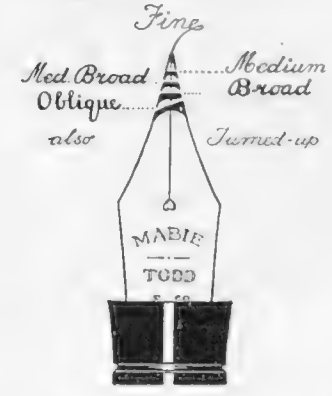

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We guarantee to give you perfect writing satisfaction.

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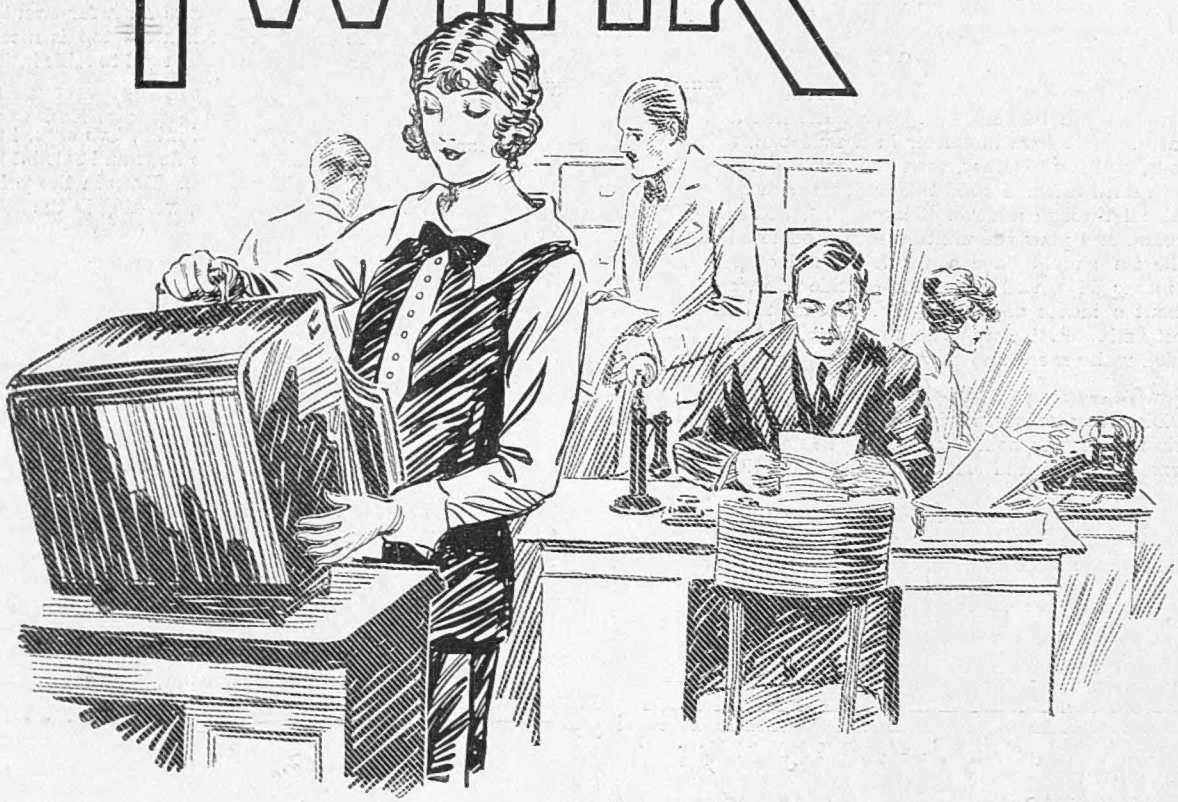
Twink



Individuality—in Business.

HER office frocks were always in good taste—as neat and business-like as her methods, yet they possessed a distinctive, cheery smartness. The men didn't consider the why and wherefore; they just voted her smart. Her fellow typists didn't ask her for patterns—they began to study the colours which suited them!

Follow the fashion in style by all means, but wear the colours that give you individuality. Dye your frocks and frills; there are twenty-four shades of Twink, and your shades are there. Follow the directions carefully, and delightful results are certain.

PRICE 7½D. PER PACKET

Of all Chemists, Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

TWINK is made in the following 24 beautiful shades:—

Navy Blue	*Salmon Pink*	*Wine*	*Tangerine*
Light Navy	*Old Rose*	*Purple*	*Geranium Red*
Saxe Blue	*Grass Green*	*Grey*	*Rust Red*
Pale Blue	*Jade Green*	*Black*	*Pillar Box Red*
Royal Blue	*Reseda*	*Daffodil Yellow*	*Nigger Brown*
Shell Pink	*Lilac*	*Old Gold*	*Tabac Brown*

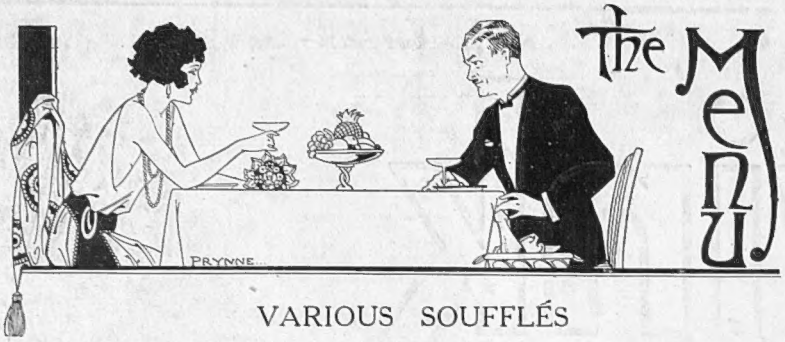
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE TWINK DANCE MUSIC?

Comprising the latest Fox-Trot and Waltz, together with an excellent Parade March.

Price **6d.** per copy; post free **7½d.** (*Orchestral parts loaned on request.*)

May be obtained from Lever Brothers Limited ADV/O Dept., Lever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.



VARIOUS SOUFFLÉS

Fish Soufflé

A QUARTER of a pound of uncooked filleted white fish will be sufficient. Wipe the fish and chop it finely. Melt ½ oz. of butter in a saucepan, add 1 oz. of flour, and stir together, then add half a gill of milk, and cook until thick. Pound this mixture with two eggs, and rub all through a sieve. Season well, add half a gill of cream, and pour the mixture into a buttered soufflé tin. The tin should have a fourfold band of paper, about 3 inches wide, tied round the outside of it, so that it is about 2 inches above the top. Steam till firm—about forty minutes. Turn out on a hot dish, and coat it with a thick white sauce and serve.

Veal Soufflé

Dissolve a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and stir in a tablespoonful of flour. Season with cayenne, grated nutmeg and salt. Stir the sauté till thoroughly smooth, and add to it half a pint of finely chopped cooked veal, and heat all together. Draw the pan to the side of the fire, and add the beaten yolks of two eggs. When the mixture has cooled, add the beaten whites of the eggs. Place in a buttered mould, proceed as in above recipe, and steam for an hour. Turn out into a silver entrée-dish, and pour round a white sauce. Garnish the soufflé with truffles, cut into fancy shapes, or with small button mushrooms.

Orange Soufflé

Put into a large basin the yolks of five eggs, 4 ozs. of castor sugar, and the grated rind of one Seville orange and a half. Stir the mixture well with a wooden spoon for twenty minutes, then add by degrees two tablespoonfuls of the juice of the oranges, stirring the mixture for five minutes longer. Add, lastly, as lightly and as quickly as possible, the whites of six eggs beaten to a very stiff froth. Pour the whole into a pie-dish and bake immediately in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. When the top is nicely browned, put a frill round the dish and send to table inside a silver dish.

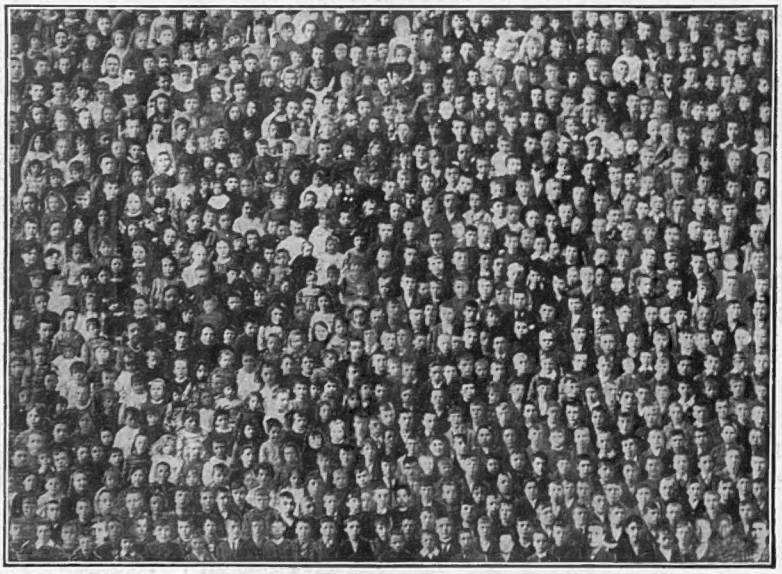
Pancakes

Half a pound of flour, one pint of milk, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, sugar. Put the flour and salt into a basin, and make a hole in the centre. Drop in the yolks of eggs, add half the milk gradually, working in the flour by degrees. Beat well, add the rest of the milk, and lastly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. It is better to let the batter stand an hour or two before frying. Put a very little lard into the frying-pan, and make it hot, and pour in enough batter to cover the pan, as thinly as possible. Each pancake will require fresh fat. Serve with cut lemon and castor sugar.

Banana Fritters

Sift 3 oz. of flour into a basin, add a pinch of salt, and stir in the yolk of an egg. Melt 1 oz. of butter, and add it to above ingredients with a gill of tepid water. Beat all together with a wooden spoon and then stand on one side for two hours. Whisk the white of the egg to a stiff froth and mix it with the batter just before it is required for frying. Peel four bananas, cut them in pieces about two inches long, and divide each piece lengthways. When the fat is thoroughly hot, dip each piece of banana into the batter, so that it is well covered, and fry a golden brown. Drain, sprinkle with castor sugar and serve hot. EMILIA

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



This picture shows the magnitude of the work among the Nation's Destitute Children. There are 716 faces in this picture. More than this number of children are admitted to Dr. Barnardo's Homes every six months.

WILL YOU SEND

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TO HELP ONE OF THESE DESTITUTE CHILDREN?

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GROUND FLOOR HOSIERY DEPT.

Dainty Pure Silk Milanese Vests *with round neck and armholes. Trimmed real Cluny lace, finished attractive design in hemstitching. In White, Pink, Lemon and Mauve.*

PRICE

25/9

Fine French Silk Hose, *double soles and heels, open lace clox. In Black, White, Silver, Mole, Grey, Beige, Beaver, Brown, Putty, Pink, Gold and a large variety of shades for evening wear. Per pair* **17/6**

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NIGHTDRESS (as sketch), in pure silk crêpe de Chine entirely hand-made, round neck and new shaped sleeve, daintily trimmed with hand veining and picot edged net frilling. In Pink, Sky, Ivory, Lemon, Mauve, and Coral.

PRICE

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Chemise to match .. **35/9**
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In thoroughly reliable washing satin. In Pink, Sky, Champagne, Mauve, Lemon, and Ivory.

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Chemise to match .. **49/6**
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Boudoir Cap composed of frilled net **18/9**

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36 x 36 inches .. each	**6/6**	81 x 81 inches .. each	**32/3**
45 x 45 ,, .. ,,	**10/-**	81 x 90 ,, .. ,,	**35/9**
54 x 54 ,, .. ,,	**14/6**	Napkins size.	
2 x 2 yards .. ,,	**25/3**	22 x 22 inches .. 6 for	**14/3**
2 x 2½ ,, .. ,,	**31/6**	24 x 24 ,, .. 6 ,,	**17/2**

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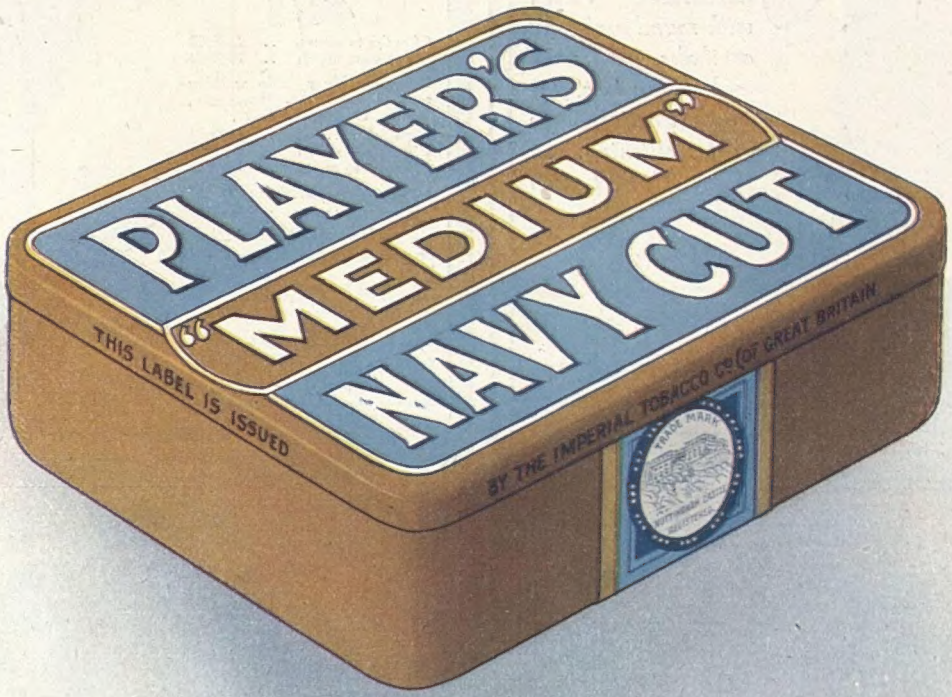

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